The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

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Your Friend's Name .....

Your Own Name .....

Keep the forms you collect from this and the issues published during the next two weeks, and send them to us between December 12th and 18th. See instructions on page 344.

Dec. 2, 1911.

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All advertisements are subject to the revision of the Sales Editor, and the right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.

In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated Order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a Postal Order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor, and crossed "& Co.," with a minimum of 1s. for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Coat-hanger and trouser-stretcher combined; a bargain, 1s. 6d., post free.—Box 3979, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Rubber Wellingtons, size nine, condition as new, suitable Territorials and others; 10s. Approval; deposit.—Box 4582, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

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Conjuring Catalogue Free. Please send early.—Vandy, 193, Regent Street (Dept. M.M.), London.

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SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

For high-grade positions, see Hapgood's advertisement, page 347.

MEDICAL, &c.

A Day will Ease—7 days will cure. The very worst cases yield instantly to the "Pile cure that really cures." Then why suffer? when 1s. 1½d. will bring a whole box post free in plain wrapper. Sample, penny stamp. Cure yourself to-day.—Prof. Buer, 52/1, Exchange Buildings, Southwark Street, London, S.E.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

7 only, a rare chance, unique Xmas gift, 21s. safety razor, with seven blades, heavily nickelled, in leatherette case; bargain, 4s. 1d. each, post free; approval willingly.—Box 4594, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

A bargain, coat-hanger, with trouser-stretcher, new, post free P.O. 1s. 8d.; or two for 2s. 9d., carriage paid.—Box 4595, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

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Astrology. When you are tired of experimenting with mysterious advertisers who fail to give you satisfaction, send birth-date and 1s. P.O. for a real astrological reading, and two years' useful advice to Prof. Mercury (L.K.), Philog, Cardiff.

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Send for List of 1,500 Absolutely Genuine Bargains, Post Free to any Address. Astounding Value. All Goods on Approval.

25S.—Gent.'s £5 5s. Double-breasted Winter Overcoat, 40in. breast, superior quality heavy dark grey frieze, with Tweed lining, deep turned-down collar and strap cuffs, made for motorist by West-End tailor, never worn, great bargain, 25s. Approval.

10S. 6D.—Gent.'s heavy 18-carat Gold-cased Keyless Lever Watch, improved patent (John Forest, London), absolutely perfect time-keeper, 10 years' warranty; together with fashionable curb double Albert, same quality, with Grecian head seal attached. Sacrifice the lot for 10s. 6d., worth 50s. Great bargain. Approval willingly.

19S. 6D.—Gent.'s Fashionable £4 15s. Tailor-made Dark brown Tweed Suit, by Stroud, high-class tailor; latest West-End cut and finish, splendid quality; breast 38in., waist 35in., leg 31½in. Sacrifice, 19s. 6d. Never worn. Approval.

25S.—Very Fine Old Violin, perfect condition, labelled Peter Guarnerius, anno 1712, rich mellow tone, with Dodd model Bow and black ebonised Case, suit professional or soloist; sacrifice, 25s.; worth £10; approval willingly.

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The Modern Man

EDITORIAL OFFICES:—Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Telephone, Gerrard 2979.

PUBLISHING DEPARTMENT:—19, 21, and 23, Tudor Street, London, E.C. Telephone, Central 5991.

ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT:—19, 21, and 23, Tudor Street. London, E.C. Telephone, Central 5991.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, 8/8; for six months, 4/4; for three months, 2/2. Subscriptions are to be forwarded to the Publishing Department at above address.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor is at all times ready to consider contributions, and to pay immediately on acceptance for those which prove suitable. All contributions must be legibly written or typed, on one side of the paper only, and must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope for return in case of rejection The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the accidental loss of any contribution submitted on approval.

CHEEK.

There are strong rumours that the Portuguese official who is alleged to have shot an English parson at Kanjo did so with the best intentions. He is believed to have been under the impression that his victim was the Rev. F. B. Meyer.

* * *

I glean from the advertisement columns of the *Daily Mail* that "Tin-Canister Hands" are wanted. I heard a man called a "Mouse-Trap Face" the other day. Perhaps there'll be a job going for him soon.

* * *

The only thing that some people don't worry about losing is their temper.

* * *

The Lewisham Guardians are supplying the aged female workhouse-inmates with acid-drops, in the hope of getting them to give up taking snuff. If it comes to be put to the vote, I rather fancy that the "nose" will have it.

* * *

Bioscope actors, or as a weekly paper calls them, "silent actors," earn big salaries, so I am told. So, presumably, they don't mind being silent, since their money talks enough for both.

* * *

By the way, if money really does talk, the actor's slender store is continually engaged in saying "Half a bitter, please, dear heart."

* * *

Mr. Harold Begbie will have it that "Flirtation is a girl's University." Cambridge, I suppose; for she always takes a "little go" at it.

* * *

What made the servant stamp?

* * *

A writer says of Mr. Holt White that he "has a roll in his walk which smacks strongly of the sea." So now you see there is no excuse for thinking it is a sausage-roll.

* * *

A contemporary asks: "Who is the politician who is mistaken for a lady when he travels in a fur coat and cap?" There are more than one who are frequently described as old women whatever they may be wearing.

* * *

I am sure that all the cases that are heard *in camera* must have some sort of "snap" about them.

* * *

As a result of Mr. Wilfrid Blunt's book containing not-entirely-unbiassed strictures on British soldiers, the question arises, "Why *Is* Mr. Wilfrid Blunt?"

* * *

A weekly contemporary descants on what it calls "restaurant rudeness." A case occurred to me the other night, when an insignificant Welsh rabbit presumed to disagree with me!

J. S. Cox.

A CURE FOR STAMMERING.

Stammering, which is the result of a nervous affection of the vocal muscles, may best be cured by learning to sing.

The stammerer will find an improvement at once, and will discover to his surprise that, although he cannot utter a word in a speaking voice without stuttering, he is not inclined to stutter at all when he sings.

When he sees that it is actually possible for him to sing words without stumbling over them, he will gain sufficient confidence to enable him to speak with equal plainness in ordinary conversation.

TELEPHONE RISKS.

A friend of the writer recently cut his ear slightly whilst shaving, and that same morning had occasion to use a public telephone.

Within twenty-four hours he was suffering from a poisoned ear, and his doctor assures him that the poison may reappear in his system at any time during the next twelve months. He says that the receiver of the telephone must have been dirty, and that such receivers and mouthpieces are common sources of contagion.

In using a public telephone, it is advisable to keep smoking whilst you are speaking into it, and not to put your mouth too close. It is also best to hold the receiver in such a way that it does not actually touch your ear; you can keep it about a quarter of an inch away, and still hear plainly.

MUFFLING AN ALARM.

More men would use an alarm clock if it were not for the annoyance that it causes to other people in the house.

You have to get up at seven o'clock, but other people, perhaps, do not have to get up until half-past seven, and you dislike waking them up with your alarm. Therefore, instead of using one, you trust to your sub-consciousness to give you warning when the hour of seven arrives.

You fix the hour in your mind before going to sleep, and you duly awaken at the right moment. The burden of remembering the time for getting up has been upon your mind subconsciously throughout the hours of sleep, and, therefore, your sleep has not been so sound as it otherwise would have been.

The ideal way is to be called in the morning by a well-trained maid, who knocks at your door, gently at first, and then louder if you do not hear her; but, failing this, an alarm clock, muffled with a heavy scarf or set inside a cap, will answer the purpose. Care should be taken that no part of the striking arrangements of the clock are interfered with by the muffling cloth, otherwise the clock will not strike at all.

If it is properly arranged it will ring quite loud enough to rouse you without being a trouble to anyone else in the house.

JARS IN JUMPING.

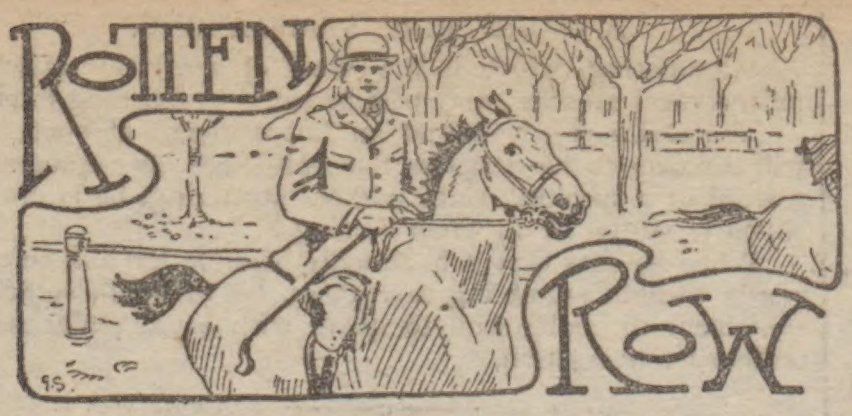
Unless you are either inordinately strong, inordinately skilful, or inordinately lucky, you will often suffer from jarred legs as a result of long or high jumping.

This is especially the case in cold weather. In fact, it is on record that a University athlete some years ago, when getting ready for the Oxford v. Cambridge sports in very cold weather, snapped a muscle so badly that he could not take part in them at all.

The reason, of course, for the increased prevalence of jarred legs in jumping more than in any other kind of athletic effort is that in jumping one's legs have for one moment to support the violently applied weight of the whole body with an enormous momentum behind it. Thus it is that correct form in "landing" counts for so much in reducing the effects of jar.

At the end of a jump never alight on dead straight legs. If you do you might hurt yourself badly—might even snap something. There should always be a considerable "give" at the knees at the moment of alighting, and the legs should be slightly bent even before touching ground.

Don't come down either on your heels or on your toes, though the former is preferable to the latter. (I am talking of high-jumping now.) Come down on a flat foot, half on the heel and half on the toe.



A LIVERY STABLE PROPRIETOR TELLS SOME STORIES.

While the London season is in full swing, the Row, as the extensive stretch is called which runs from the Albert Gate to Marble Arch, is daily thronged with all sorts and conditions of riders on all sorts and conditions of mounts. In the course of a recent conversation with a member of a very well known livery stable firm in the neighbourhood (who, however, desired his name to be omitted for fear some of his customers might be testy enough to object), the writer gleaned the following facts about London's great riding ground.

FALLS ON THE MACADAM.

"Accidents?" said my informant. "Yes, they're always happening. It's generally a case of the horse slipping on the macadam—the roadway that you must cross when you come off the Row. There was a bad accident not long ago, when a millionaire (he wasn't a very good rider, by the way) stuck a pair of gaudy spurs into his horse, which bolted and promptly fell when it reached the macadam.

"Another ordinary type of accident is when a horse bolts. This is generally seen in the case of horses from inferior stables (pray don't think I'm trying to boast) which are not properly broken. Possibly the rider isn't too experienced; he rides loosely, and the animal's instinct tells him he can take liberties. So he bolts.

"An accident of the kind occurred last year, not far from the Achilles Statue, when a cheap horse ridden by a novice, bolted and dashed into a lamp-post. By the way, it is advisable to give a good price to ensure a well-trained mount for park purposes. A reputable firm won't let you have a hack under 10s. 6d. an hour, but some will hire you one for 7s. 6d., or as little even as 5s.

THE FAMILIAR SOUND.

"There was an amusing accident, unattended, happily, by serious results, towards the end of summer. A gentleman was riding a young hunter in the Row, at the time a coach, bound for Brighton or Hampton Court, or somewhere, was passing St. George's Hospital. Some young fool on board had armed himself with a hunting horn, and just out of lightheartedness gave the 'Gone Away' on it. Well, the horse in question heard it and, dashing off, got out of hand. Luckily his rider knew his business and got him quiet by the time he had reached the Hyde Park Hotel.

"It's remarkable what queer customers you see in the Row," went on my informant. "The average sensible man, rich or poor, wears leggings and breeches, a short coat and a bowler, but sometimes you will see weird get-ups. An old millionaire American recently caused a sensation by appearing in the sort of kit he had worn in his youth as a cowboy. And when the harem skirt was mooted not long ago, some music-hall dame rode a broken-winded old screw round the Row, astride in a skirt of the kind.

A PATHETIC FIGURE.

"Talking of riding astride for women, I abominate it—but there is one lady who rides regularly every morning, and *has* to adopt the straddle-legged seat. She was once a famous figure in the hunting-field, but lost both her forearms in an accident. And now she rides by means of two hooks. She is enormously plucky and keen—but, alas! the poor thing is an awfully sad sight. Still she loves riding, and nothing would make her give it up.

"It is an interesting fact that grooms are not allowed in the Row after 8.30 a.m. if their horses are clothed. If they are in livery and their horses have no clothes on, grooms can ride in the Park as long as they like, but for some reason, a clothed horse at exercise is taboo after that hour."

ARTHUR B. DENT.

CURRENT BOXING.

NOTES AND NEWS FROM THE RINGSIDE.

A certain amount of dissatisfaction was felt in boxing circles concerning the result of a fifteen-rounds contest last Monday night between Dick Lee and Young Nipper. The latter was plainly outclassed all the way, and practically everybody expected a verdict in Lee's favour; but lo! and behold the result was given as a draw.

Now, Lee had been doing as he liked with the nipper; and it is safe to say that if he had not at times been inclined to come to close quarters the latter would not have been able to touch him. As it was, Young Nipper got home a kidney punch or two, but as these are not reckoned in counting points, one may be allowed to wonder somewhat how the referee can have managed to come to the decision he did.

How many more minor black v. white contests are going to pass unnoticed by the hysterical screamers against the Wells-Johnson match? At the Attercliffe Hall at Sheffield last Monday, Gunner Healy, the Army and Navy heavy-weight champion, took the ring against Alf. Langford, a coloured American boxer. The nigger opened strongly, and Healy went down more than once; but he pulled himself well together in the fourth round, and displaying greater quickness, if less power, than the black, hit the latter all round the ring. Stopping the contest in the eleventh round, the referee gave the verdict to Healy.

I have received a letter expressing the writer's disapproval of some well-restrained remarks I made anent Paul Til, the French boxer. I wonder what Til's enthusiastic partisan thought, by the way, of Paul's exhibition of vicious "bad blood" in his contest at a new Parisian hall against Christian, the plucky Swiss boxer? Til was obviously the better man by far; and there was no necessity to make such a mess of a man who, though outclassed, was as game as the proverbial pebble.

Young Jack Cohen, the Hebrew boxer from Aldgate, has been beaten in America by Abe Attell, an American co-religionist of his.

"STRAIGHT LEFT."

CURRENT FOOTBALL.

FEARLESS CRITICISMS OF TEAMS AND PLAYERS.

Nowadays, even at the present season of the year, when the daylight is practically at its shortest, football clubs have a bad habit of kicking off at the latest possible moment. Possibly, however, the fiasco at Sydenham, when the Crystal Palace v. Plymouth Argyle match was stopped owing to failing light, may make football executives turn over a new leaf in this respect.

History has a strange habit of repeating itself at football. The latest instance is afforded by the match at Bradford, between Bradford City and Blackburn Rovers. The home team won by one goal to nil, exactly the same result, be it noted, as in the corresponding match last year. As a result of that game, by the way, the Rovers, who had been at the top of the First League table, dropped into third place, in place of Newcastle United, who took the premier position, with Bradford City coming second.

Southern football enthusiasts will be glad to see that Chelsea are climbing up the Second League table. By virtue of a meritorious win over Huddersfield at Chelsea, by three goals to one, the West London club hauled themselves up into third place. Thompson scored two out of the three goals, and the always eager Whittingham was responsible for the other; but credit should decidedly be given to a non-scoring forward, Douglas, whose centres were in almost every case the acme of good judgment.

Randall, the Newcastle footballer, who is now playing for Woolwich Arsenal, has been under a cloud for some little time. He has not had the best opportunities, and unkind critics have wondered how he was going to justify his Newcastle reputation. His chance came in the match against Sunderland, at Woolwich, when the Arsenal ran out winners by 3—0. All the goals were scored by Randall.

As a result of Queen's Park Rangers going down before Northampton, on the latter's ground, by 5—1, and also of Swindon's victory at home over Millwall, by 4—1, the positions of the Rangers and Swindon were reversed, the latter springing up to first place in the Southern League and Queen's Park Rangers going down to second.

G. B.

MEMOIRS OF A MARRIED MAN.—I.

MATED.

A long shrill whistle, the wave of a flag, and the West of England express steamed slowly out of Paddington Station.

Ethel and I had been married just four hours, and a liberal tip to the guard had secured a first-class compartment to ourselves. The ceremony of the morning, the tedious wait in the vestry whilst the register was being signed, the return to the house, the reception, the tearful leave-taking of the bride, were now but memories.

I turned from the window at which I had been standing with a view of keeping out any possible intruder (you know the person who *will* jump in at the last moment), and I realised, with the joy born of possession, that my bride and I were at last alone.

My thoughts must have been reflected in my eyes, for the dear little girl in the corner averted her blushing face and suddenly became apparently absorbed in a magazine—which, by the way, she held upside down.

"Aren't you going to smoke, Jack?" said Ethel, still keeping her eyes glued to her book.

BREAKING THE ICE.

I sat down on the opposite seat, filled my pipe, and puffed away silently for a few moments, then I leant forward and sought her left hand, upon the third finger of which the new plain gold ring was shining in a blaze of welcome. Ethel let the book fall on the seat.

"Well, old girl," I said.

Ethel made no answer, but the soft little hand within my grasp trembled slightly. Then I took off her hat, and gingerly drew out the long hatpins, making a pretence of carefully arranging the tendrils of her fair hair.

How charming and fresh she looked in her neat blue travelling costume! We were both very much in love with one another, but that fact didn't prevent her from getting up to look at the glass in order to give her hair those mysterious little pats and touches dear to the feminine heart.

I laid my pipe down on the window ledge.

"Oh, do go on smoking," said Ethel.

"Finished," I replied.

MAN AND WIFE.

Then, very gently, very slowly, I drew her towards me with both her hands held tightly in mine. Her face was temptingly near, and I kissed her madly—passionately—revelling in the fragrance of her full red lips, her very soul imbued in her responding caresses.

After that, I am not quite clear what happened. All I can tell you is that Ethel was sitting on my lap, with her head on my shoulder.

"My boy, my darling husband!" she murmured.

My right arm was around her as she lay looking up into my eyes, and I experienced a keen delight in toying with her hair and letting my fingers stray over her face.

"Jack, smoke, just to please me," said Ethel. "Here I'll fill your pipe.'

She dived her little hand into my pocket, extracted the tobacco pouch and filled my pipe as she was wont to do in the days of our engagement. From another of my pockets she fished out the matches, struck one, and with the match poised deftly between her forefinger and thumb, watched the ascending clouds of blue smoke. I wonder what fancies she weaved in them!

CONFETTI HUNTING.

Clumsy brute that I was, some tobacco ash fell on to her dress, and as I brushed it off and shook her skirt I noticed a pair of exquisitely moulded insteps encased in the finest of black silk stockings, in the open-work of which some confetti had caught. The little bits of coloured paper had to be picked off one by one—confetti does stick so.

At length the train drew into Ilfracombe station. I had wired the hotel people, and their 'bus took us down the long steep decline leading to the town. Ethel is one of those women with a charming personality that instantly commands service. Her tact and self-possession were remarkable as I asked the reception clerk for the keys of "Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers' room."

The chambermaid ushered us into a room on the first floor, which commanded a good view of the sea, and as she closed the door and I found myself watching Ethel fiddling with the lock of her trunk, I confess I felt shy and awkward for the first time in my life.

Then I knelt down beside her, and together we tugged at the lid, which at last yielded to our efforts.

"My hats! Oh, they'll be ruined, I know," said Ethel, and forthwith took out the inside tray, which contained three or four wonderful "creations," each of which she proceeded to try on in turn, poising her pretty head before the glass, and all the time keeping up a running series of questions as to whether the "burnt straw" was too large, or if I thought the "large white wings in front" added to her height, etc., etc.

FEMININE FRILLS.

I am afraid my answers were rather perfunctory, because, when Ethel had lifted out the tray, there was revealed to my eyes a mass of billowy snow-white lingerie that it seemed almost sacrilege for a mere man to gaze upon.

At last, Ethel divined the cause of my apparent inattention to the charms of her hats. She flew across the room with a face the colour of a peony, banged down the lid of the box, and sat on it!

I rose to my feet and kissed her.

"You darling, isn't it usual for a husband to unpack his wife's box?" I inquired innocently

"Of course not, you silly thing," said Ethel. "You would be far more usefully employed in seeing to your own bag."

A DISCOVERY.

I had perforce to take the hint, and grappled with the straps of my Gladstone. No sooner had I opened it than streams of rice fell out in all directions. Rice was everywhere—in my boots, my flannels, my shirts; each and every article emitted a steady stream as I shook them out, and I swore grimly to myself that I would have my revenge upon the misguided idiot who had played this trick on me. Ethel shrieked with laughter as I went over the floor, on my hands and knees, sweeping up the rice with a clothes brush.

This completed, I had a wash, Ethel graciously allowing me to use her own soap instead of the sickly-looking substance the hotel provided. Ethel called me her nice clean boy, kissed me on the forehead and sent me downstairs, saying she would follow as soon as she had changed her dress and smartened herself up a bit.

I went down to the bar for an Angostura before dinner, lounged in the hall, where I smoked for half-an-hour, and was just imagining that something must have happened to delay Ethel so long (I had only been married a few hours, you understand) when that demure young lady slowly came down the stairs. She was dressed in a simple white dinner gown and looked a picture. As she crossed the hall to join me, I could have brained the one or two men about who looked at her as she passed, and felt like crying out "Eyes off—she's mine!"

EVENING.

We had a cosy *tête-à-tête* dinner, and Ethel's eyes sparkled with the generous champagne. After our coffee we procured coats and wraps and went off for a stroll round the Capstone.

The night was entrancing. A band somewhere was playing a popular waltz, and we hummed the strains as we descended again into the town.

A distant clock was striking ten as we returned to the hotel, and Ethel went straight up to her room. There was so much to see to, she said. Answering her that I would have a pipe or two before coming up, I turned into the smoking-room and tried to read for an hour.

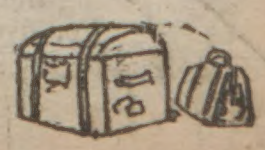
At last, knocking out the ashes from my pipe, I said "Good-night" to the other men with as much unconcern as I could command, and went upstairs.

Outside the door of our room was a dainty pair of shoes. In the corridor all was silence. As I paused before the door, the holiness, the mystery of marriage seemed very solemn, very beautiful. I knocked. No answer. Knocked again—this time a little louder.

Then a tiny whisper floated out—"Come in."

P. F. KAY.

[*The second article of this series will appear next week.*—EDITOR.]



A HUNTING YARN.

THE WHITE HARE

By C. HEWSON.

Archie Dacres had been Master of the Rose Vale Harriers long enough to have become cordially disliked by a large number of the subscribers and farmers resident in the county, who, however, saw no way of getting rid of him.

The Rose Vale pack hunted a small territory in West Cornwall, bounded on both sides by the sea, and tolerably well stocked with hares. It had existed for a great number of years, dating back, in fact, in the families of two or three small squires to the days before fox-hunting became popular. But the old families had died out one by one, and for a long time the hunt had been in low water, funds being raised with difficulty, and the support of farmers and local residents not easily obtained.

Fortunately the development of a winter resort on the coast within the territory of the hunt led to the advent of a few sportsmen, and the addition to Job Carthew's stud of livery hacks of a couple of Irish hunters; on the strength of which he had painted a hare's head within a horse-shoe outside his yard gates, with the announcement that he let out horses " to go with the harriers " at a guinea a day and took all risks.

Upon this somewhat slender foundation the Imperial Carn Castle Hotel boldly advertised that capital hunting was to be had within easy access of its other unrivalled attractions; and visitors were regularly invited to subscribe to the support of the harriers.

With the railway company and the hotels—to say nothing of the St. Rose Publicity Committee—supporting the pack, it was felt that something should be done to improve the quality of the sport it showed, and the first step taken was the selection of a Master. Up to this time the functions had been exercised in turn by such yeoman-farmers as chanced to be out; old Zachary Williams, the feeder and kennelman, invariably casting hounds off, and letting them alone until they either killed or lost, when he would cast them again for a fresh hare—a method of acting the part of huntsman not altogether to be despised in hare-hunting.

The first attempt to find a Master was unfortunate. A young man who was spending the winter at the Imperial Carn Castle Hotel, and who had made himself popular with the younger farmers of the district by the infallible process of standing them cyder on market-days, had volunteered for the office, and was accepted without inquiry. But at the end of the season he was found to have gone off with the whole of the subscription money; leaving the meal-man, livery stable-keeper, hay and corn-dealer, saddler, and sundry farmers, and even poor old Zachary—to say nothing of the local tailor who had fitted him out with a green coat, gilt buttons, and a velvet cap—minus the money that was due to them.

In this emergency a committee of the old subscribers was hastily summoned, when it was decided to advertise in " The Field " for a new Master: one who was willing to buy the hounds, discharge outstanding liabilities, and take over full control.

In reply to this advertisement Archibald Dacres had turned up. He had been born and bred in Cornwall, which he had left in early youth for foreign parts, as the result of a scandal that had resulted in the suicide of the daughter of a much respected Methodist farmer. That, however, had occurred more than thirty years before, and Dacres had returned, like most Cornishmen, to settle down in the Duchy. He had made some little money in the mining countries he had visited, and on his return had purchased a small property on the outskirts of St. Rose Churchtown, where (for he had remained a bachelor) his elder sister kept his house for him.

He had always been a sportsman, and was a good man on a horse at fifty; and his offer to take over the hounds, and all liabilities, not merely personal to the late Master, had been thankfully accepted. So he pensioned Zachary, removed the harriers from the old kennels to new ones erected in the paddock at Trewern Villa—much to the disturbance of his sister's nightly rest— and assumed the reins of office and of an old grey mare, which had broken her knees and every fence in the county at one time or another during the past ten years.

For five seasons he had shown moderate sport to a field only too thankful to escape paying a subscription, but he had done so quite irrespective of the wishes and feelings of his followers. Having bought the pack, he assumed an autocratic position, hunted where and when he liked, and fell foul—with a tongue that possessed a mastery of many foreign oaths that galled by reason of their unintelligibility—of anyone bold enough to criticise him.

He had developed, too, into a profoundly non-social person, retiring to his parlour after feeding the pack, and spending his evenings in reading the old books of legendary lore with which Cornwall is plentifully supplied. In this way he developed the latent seeds of superstition inborn in most inhabitants of the Celtic promontory, until it was currently reported that he believed in all the old wives' fables in the county, had seen a mermaid on Zemur beach, fairies dancing in Perran Round, and heard a " bucca " knocking in a disused " bal " near Camborne.

He never went to church or chapel, and his favourite reading was in Robert Hunt's collection of West Country Drolls or Hick's somewhat similar compilation. A curious task for a hunting man, but one that his neighbours would have regarded with amused leniency had he not permitted it to interfere with sport.

Once during the past season he had failed to keep his appointment at Baldhu Cross Roads, and the waiting field had learned that he had taken hounds back to kennels because a weasel had run across the road in front of him, and he considered it would be unlucky to come on.

And now, in the middle of the season, when drawing for a hare before a field which numbered some distinguished visitors to the Imperial Carn Castle Hotel, he had suddenly stopped and turned back because a single magpie had flown across his path. Simply pointing to the bird with his crop, he had, after gazing in all directions to see if a second specimen of this fowl of ill-omen was visible, blown his horn and trotted home with the pack.

An informal meeting of local sportsmen had assembled in the smoke-room of the hotel, and the hunting visitors staying there had joined it in order to discuss what was to be done.

" Seeming to me," said one farmer, " old Archie 'm failing fast. He wun't bring hounds out-along at all presently, not ef a burd or wissel be left alive in the land."

" Well, it will take you all your time to kill off all the magpies in the district," put in a stranger from London.

" Naw. It's rediklous," agreed the livery-stable keeper. " But I don't see how we'm going to alter it unless we buy back the pack, and then like as not he wuddn't sell."

" He's afraid of his own shaddow, I b'lieve. Head's stuffed full of a passel of child's fullishness. And he've got an evil conscience into the bargain, ef you ask me. He was a wild young spark hereabouts, ef you rek'lect, afore he went to furrin parts, and who knaws what capers he played there all them years? What he'd do ef he saw a white hare I can't think—'pon me Sam, I can't."

" What's the superstition about white hares? " inquired the stranger from London.

" What! Don't 'ee knaw, me son? " said the farmer. " We do sa-ay in these pa-a-rts—leastways the auld women do s-a-ay—that a white hare's the sperrit of some maid that the wan who sees ut have ruined in the p-a-a-st, and that 'tes a sign of his awn death."

" Well, then," said the stranger, " you ought to wish he'd see one; then, perhaps, he'd give up the harriers, go in for religion, and leave room for a better man who wouldn't take hounds home if he saw a magpie and make fools of his field like Mr. Dacres did yesterday."

" Yis, yis," agreed the farmer; " but doan't 'ee see me son, the white hare 's a sperrit like, not a real live hare. Us can't make 'em see one, like he do see the magpies and wissels."

The stranger meditated a few moments; then he smiled broadly, slapped his thigh, and said:

" Well, I think I can manage it for you. At this time of year. in the North of Scotland, where my brother-in-law lives, many of the hares are white. If you're all agreed, I can easily get one sent down here in a box, and we'll turn her down before hounds without old Dacres knowing beforehand. When he sees her he'll either have a fit or go home, but hounds will be running then, and he won't be able to take them with him. I'll have a horn in my pocket and

ride to them if he doesn't, and as she won't know the country she'll go straight away, and very likely give us a good gallop before they burst her up. She'll have a good scent after being boxed up for three days."

Loud applause greeted the proposal. Mr. Newcombe, the stranger from up-the-country, was unanimously voted Master-elect. It was agreed that the secret should be carefully kept, as only Cornishmen know how to keep a secret among themselves, and it was further arranged that if Archie Dacres pointed out the white hare to any other members of the hunt they should stoutly maintain that it was an ordinary brown one, and so confirm him in his superstitious belief.

* * * * * * *

Ten days later Dacres mounted his old grey mare in front of Farmer Hoskins' granite-fronted house—a special invitation meet—preparatory to drawing the roots at the back of the barn. He had fortified himself with an extra dose of damson-gin of Mrs. Hoskins' manufacture, which loosened his tongue sufficiently for him to confide to Mr. Tressidder, the land agent, that if it had not been an invitation meet he shouldn't have brought hounds out, as a water-wagtail had walked into his kitchen before starting, and that was always a "terrible bad sign."

Five minutes later a ringing "See-ho!" from Hoskins heralded the finding of the boxed hare in the turnips The harriers scored to the cry and went away in hot pursuit through a gap that led to the Beacon Downs and thence to the cliffs above Polbathick Bay.

Dacres did not catch his first view of the quarry until he got through the gap, and then for a moment he thought the pack was chasing a small white dog.

Newcombe was close beside him when the old man saw that it was indeed a hare—and a white one. He turned deadly pale, fumbled for his horn, and putting it to his lips blew a trembling, discordant note, pulling hard at the grey mare's mouth meanwhile, in a state of pitiable indecision.

"Come along, Mr. Dacres, we're in for a good thing!" shouted Newcome. "Good scent and a straight hare for once."

He drew ahead of the Master, thinking the latter would pull up and go home, and was already feeling in his coat-pocket for the spare horn when, with head down and spurring the astonished mare till the blood smeared her grey sides, Dacres galloped past him, cursing loudly in Spanish, French, and Portuguese, and cropping the mare like a madman.

Newcombe was astonished, and insensibly checked his speed.

"The old fool! He'll never catch hounds with this scent. Bob's sent me a real good hare—going as straight as a die too," as he watched her crest the Beacon hill, with hounds like a flock of pigeons hard on her scent.

A turf-dyke stopped him, and Farmer Hoskins came up.

"This waay, sur," he shouted, turning off to a sounder place. "Ef that hare of yours doan't turn soon her'll be over cliffs."

Then Newcombe began to gallop in earnest. He gained upon Dacres but slowly, and was several lengths behind when he saw the pack disappear from view over the crest of the Beacon, which sloped to the tall polyphant cliffs that fell sheer into the Atlantic some two hundred feet below.

He gained the top of the crest just in time to see the Master riding hell-for-leather down the slope, and the next moment his figure on the grey mare—now almost as mad as himself—was silhouetted for an instant against the deep blue of the sea.

Then the edge of the cliff was void . . . hare, hounds, and huntsman had disappeared for ever into Polbathick Bay.

* * * * * * *

Newcombe rode to the nearest station and caught the first train out of Cornwall. He has never ventured into the Duchy again; but he knows from the hunting annuals that the Rose Vale Harriers have not been re-established.

OUR POSTCARDS.

Those readers who have not yet sent for some of our amusing and highly artistic postcards should do so to-day. They are entirely free of charge. Send a stamped addressed envelope to "Nice Place," THE MODERN MAN Offices, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London, and we shall forward you a supply at once. You will get some fun out of them with your friends.

"FAKED SPECIALS"

NEWS THAT NEVER HAPPENED.

"Wanted, on staff of London daily, smart reporter. Only men with ideas need apply," is the sort of announcement which is met with almost every day in the advertisement columns of the newspapers; and the language in which it is couched possesses a significance which is not realised by the public at large.

I am referring to the stipulation that only men "with ideas" are wanted. This is one point in demonstration of the contention which forms the basis of this article, namely, that a large percentage of the "news" in the big London dailies nowadays is faked—or, to put it more plainly, that it never happened.

REPORTERS AS FICTION WRITERS.

Nowadays the London reporter is not so much a news gatherer as a writer of fiction. The man who simply hears that something is happening, visits the scene of action and writes up the details is of but little use. A first-class reporter—or "special writer," to give him a very expressive professional title—must be a man who can invent news, besides write up the "stories" he is sent out upon. If the modern daily paper had to rely only upon actual fortuitous happenings to fill its columns, there would be little but police and high court cases, and stage chit-chat for the public to read.

Possibly some of our readers may recollect the sensation which a big London halfpenny daily made some years ago of a foreign general whose wife was supposed to have eloped and fled over four continents with a young subordinate officer.

THE GENERAL'S CHASE.

The general—so the story ran—vowed mortal vengeance on the guilty couple, took the first train, and chased them all over the face of the globe. Pictures were reproduced in the paper in question, and in one or two others belonging to the same firm, of the general stepping into the train, of the runaways walking up the gangways of steamers, and so on. "Guilty Pair Only Twenty-Four Hours Ahead" was a typical headline, and the excitement was kept at fever heat for weeks.

Well, I was on the staff of the paper in question at the time, and I can say that the whole story originated in the fertile brain of the news editor. News was very slack, and this "story" (the professional word is especially apposite here) was the happy result of the daily conference which takes place in every newspaper office between the chiefs of the different apartments.

A FAKED ABDICATION.

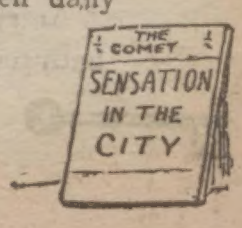
Another "faked special" may come back to our readers' memory. This was the great scare story that the Czar of Russia had abdicated. Full circumstantial details were provided, together with little photographs, covering a whole page, of the different members of the Russian Royal Family and the prominent Muscovite statesmen.

Significantly enough, there was not a single word about the affair in the same paper next day, but it is well-known in Fleet Street that that day's boom filled the journal's coffers most satisfactorily.

A year or two ago two people, a man and a woman, committed suicide in a public building in London, and were taken to a hospital close by. It was simply the usual squalid case of an agreement to die together; but a big evening paper was hard up for news, and turned it into quite an affecting story. An experienced member of the journalistic profession was sent along, who, in a broken voice, declared he felt sure the dying people were relations of his, and asked for particulars. He was not actually allowed to see them; but he got quite a good "story" by going back to the office and writing up *his own distress*.

These are only a few instances of the sort of thing that happens every day; but I think they are sufficient to make common-sense people take a large proportion of their daily paper with a big grain of salt.

T. D.



CORNERED

AN EPISODE IN THE CAREER OF THE KING OF KNAVES.

By F. WADE-LANG.

It was a house in the middle of a certain secluded residential terrace in West Kensington which we visited for profit—and in which we succeeded in finding trouble.

It was Ferris who attended to most of our preliminary arrangements; and he had ascertained that Mr. Beardmore Parkins and his wife, both elderly, affluent, gouty persons, were abroad recuperating at a Riviera resort, and that, with a negligence—or economy—deserving punishment, neither servants nor caretaker had been left to safeguard a particularly fine collection of old English plate.

The chief difficulty was how to remove the spoils. A high wall enclosing the garden at the back precluded our choosing that method of egress, and at the front the road at night was unnecessarily well-lighted, with an uncommonly vigilant policeman on the beat.

Ferris was of opinion that the job would have to be done boldly by day.

"We shall need some vehicle to cart away the stuff," he said, "and the best thing we can do is to enter the place overnight, light up a room or two as though the inmates had returned, and the next morning have Van Bizner round with his pseudo-delivery van and openly carry out the stuff in neatly tied-up parcels."

"Devilish risky," I suggested. "What if bad luck should bring back the Parkinses at a particularly inconvenient moment?"

"They have been away," replied Ferris, "exactly thirteen days, and the post-office has had instructions to re-forward their letters for a month."

"Ah," I said, satisfied.

"I represented myself as an old friend anxious to get into touch with them. The postal clerk stinted nothing in information. I'm only concerned now about getting in at the front door without causing any suspicion. I think we'd better employ a locksmith."

In Ferris's schemes there was always a spice of daring to titillate the hardened palate. You must picture us, therefore, on a dull winter's afternoon, a not ill-looking or unfashionably-attired pair, strolling along to the house in question and ascending the short flight of steps, with Ferris feeling casually in his pocket for the keys.

He felt in other pockets, and presently said something to me with obvious annoyance.

A further search ensued. After consultation we descended to the gate again, looking about us with an air of uncertainty. We set off along the pavement, and at the corner encountered a policeman.

"Can you tell us where we can find a locksmith?" Ferris inquired. "I've left my keys behind. It's an awful nuisance. Mr. Parkins, junior—at number thirty-three."

It needed no insight to see that the policeman probably knew who lived at number thirty-three, but was unlikely to be familiar with the extent of Mr. Parkins's family—if any.

The policeman obligingly directed us; we presently came back accompanied by a dirty-looking nondescript man, with a tool-bag and a tendency to be taciturn. He nodded to the policeman as we passed by, and in a very few moments from the big bunch of keys taken out of his bag he had found one to fit the door, and we were standing in a darkened hall, smelling dust, and carefully avoiding looking about us with any display of curiosity.

The locksmith stood with head bent, untying the string which held the keys together.

"Does the lock in the dining-room work all right now, sir?" he asked.

"I beg your pardon," said Ferris.

The locksmith, half-preoccupied, repeated the question. Ferris walked over to the hall-stand and hung up his hat and proceeded to discard his overcoat.

"It's perfectly in order. Thanks," he answered.

"There was some bother you've been 'aving with the bath-room bolts. Mr. Parkins mentioned it larst time 'e was in the shop. Shall I 'ave a look at 'em now, sir?"

"I've already done the job myself," responded Ferris promptly, with a pleasant smile.

The man restored the bunch of keys to his bag, fumbling a little as he fastened it. He pocketed Ferris's half-crown and turned to the door without a word.

"Good-night," said Ferris.

"Good-night," said the man, hurrying down the steps.

Ferris watched him for a moment; then he closed the door and turned to me with a sort of wary interrogation in his pose.

"He knows Mr. Parkins, it seems," I observed grimly. "Question is——"

"Was he suspicious or merely surly?"

"That expresses it."

"We must find out, Daffy."

"We certainly must."

"Wonder if there's a window through which we might see if——"

Without waiting to finish the sentence he sprang lightly up the stairs, myself following him. There was a front-room bay-window, with the Venetian blinds lowered. Through it we peered, and observed the man in the deepening dusk turn the corner without once glancing back.

"A bogey of the imagination," decided Ferris, with his subdued laugh.

"Perhaps," I answered.

"Whether or not, I'm not clearing out till I've seen what stuff there is to be lifted. We must bluff the matter through if we're unfortunate enough to be disturbed. Innocent surprise. Nephews of the old man, here to make things comfortable for his return. First to put on a light in the hall and the dining-room. Nothing more doubt-allaying than an appearance of homeliness."

He was leaving the room when I temporarily detained him.

"The back exit?—isn't there a door in the wall? We might have it open in case of sudden emergency."

"It leads out on to a cul-de-sac, Daffy. And I've a conscientious objection to a cul-de-sac."

"I'll wait here, anyhow. I'd rather prefer to keep an eye on the road. Don't know why it is, but I feel uneasy."

"Was just going to make the same recommendation," said Ferris, with that tact which made him so likeable.

It was soon quite dark, though the yellow street-lights provided an intermittent illumination, and an occasional passer-by could easily be discerned advancing and receding.

Presently there loomed into view, on the opposite pavement, a figure in uniform approaching with leisurely steps. It was the policeman on the beat.

He came to a halt directly facing the house and looked across—only for a moment, but sufficiently long to make me set my teeth.

Twice within the next five minutes he repassed the house, and I listened to his footsteps and watched his burly form with an odd fascination. I was in two minds about going and warning Ferris; it looked suspiciously as though we were under observation; when a sound from behind made me rapidly turn my head.

Ferris had come in. He crossed over to me swiftly.

"What's wrong?" I queried, with quick intuition.

"Come with me," he answered quietly, and he took me to the end of the landing where a window overlooked the garden. He handed me a pair of diminutive field-glasses. "Look for the door in the wall," he said.

I found it after a moment, and it was open! Even as I watched, a dark form came through, and yet another—forms with capes on and helmets. I turned sharply on Ferris.

"That infernal little workman——"

"Gave the alarm, of course."

"We're in for it. There's a policeman on guard at the front, and others no doubt within call. We're cornered—or there's got to be a devilish hot dash for it."

"We sha'n't be taken— alive," said Ferris, and the last word was ominously grim. "I've had one dose of Dartmoor, Daffy. Never another!"

"They'll be here in a brace of shakes. How long's this preparation been going on, d'you think?"

"I spotted 'em only about a minute ago. It's more

(*Continued on page 344.*)

THE "SHOBBAS" IN BARRACKS

"CHINSTRAP" RECALLS SOME AMUSING MILITARY SUNDAY MEMORIES.

"Orderly Dog" always excepted, Sunday is a day of rest for the Army officer, and even the "O.D." has an easier time of it than on week days. He has, for example, only one parade to attend instead of three or four, and Monday's groceries, etc., having been drawn on Saturday, he escapes the duty of watching the company orderly corporals draw their tea, sugar, and so on, and certifying out of some inner consciousness of his own that they have received correct weight.

Of course, so long as you are a subaltern there is Church Parade, unless you have a skipper who is addicted to church-going, a thing not very popular with Army captains as a rule.

Still, I have known senior officers who had a perfect passion for attending morning church, but I fear that usually there was a bit of skirt in the offertory—I mean offing.

MORNING MASS.

While the private soldier cannot and must not be compelled to attend any church of which he is not a member, the officer has no such privilege, unless, perchance he is a Roman Catholic. In this case, if my memory serves me, he is exempt from attending any service but his own. On the other hand the Church of England officer has to take his turn at escorting the R.C.'s or Wesleyans to their churches, and many is the time that I, a Protestant, have gone to eight o'clock in the morning mass in anything but a Christian frame of mind.

The Catholics were a pretty strong body in my regiment, so there was no dodging out of it as there was with the Wesleyans.

The latter generally paraded twenty-two strong, and if you couldn't find three men too "dirty" to go to church, well you were a bit of a Juggins.

GETTING OUT OF IT.

I may explain that an "officer's party" consists of not less than twenty rank and file, and so if by falling out men for alleged "dirtiness" you could reduce the party to nineteen, they went off in charge of a non-com., while you beat a triumphant retreat to the mess and the "Pink 'Un."

Church of England—or whatever is the staple religion of the regiment—parade, however, is not bad fun. It takes place at a reasonable hour, you have the band with you, and a garrison church usually has a potent attraction for pretty girls.

Practical joking in church was not uncommon in the old days. I think I have already told you how on my first Sunday with my regiment my appetite for breakfast was completely destroyed by my being solemnly assured that I should have to read the First Lesson, and how I got half way to the lectern before being forcibly pulled back.

I can still hear the yell and broad Yorkshire oaths which old "Trotters" let loose when, resuming his seat after a hymn, he sat down on the spiked end of his helmet.

MICE LET LOOSE.

There was quite a commotion, too, in a certain garrison church when some miscreant let loose half-a-dozen mice which he had brought in a box concealed in his helmet, while the story of the bomb which blew up the parson is still told round Wynberg way.

However, to return to the Shobbas in barracks, after church everyone bar the Orderly Dog gets into mufti; the rule which forbids an officer to appear in the mess in plain clothes before 1 p.m., except by special permission, being relaxed.

Then comes luncheon or rather dinner, a heavy meal with Sunday furnishing an excuse for just one more glass of port. In my day Sunday dinner often lasted a couple of hours.

Afterwards—well, card-playing is forbidden in the mess on Sundays, but peradventure you strolled round the officers' quarters on a Sunday afternoon you might hear weird cries of "Jackpot," "Tit up and look pleasant," "Nap, and be damned to you," "Looed you, you blighters." At least, it was so in the old days before we were all made moral by the King's Regulations.

Alternatively, you enlarged your liver by playing the slothful game of "shut eye."

The evening was the recognised time for donning your "glad rags" and visiting your civilian friends, and you had to be a pretty low down sort of a cuss if you had not half-a-dozen invitations to Sunday supper.

Anyway this was the case abroad, and many a good man lost the number of his mess and got married all through Sunday supper.

The game, as I now understand it in my cynical old age, was for your charmer to get the best pastrycook in the town to make a really scrumptious pie. This she palmed off on you as her own make, and unless you were mighty cautious your number and the banns went up. I knew one fellow with £3,000 a year who married a penniless Colonial girl on the strength of a veal and ham pie that had come straight from the local Sunter.

TEASING THEIR COMRADES.

Misogyny, duty, or choice, however, always kept a certain number in the mess on Sunday evening, and this was the time for having some fun with absent gay Lotharios.

One generally had a pretty shrewd idea where they had gone to sup, and this was where you, kept in barracks by duty, let your hated rival have it in the neck.

You waited till you knew from experience that the family party had just sat down to the alleged home-made pie, etc., and then you rang up the head of the house on the telephone—an invention in general use in the Colonies long before it was in England. Then the following sort of dialogue ensued.

"That you, Mr. Jones?

THE LADY IN THE CASE.

"Ah, yes, how are you, beautiful (beastly) evening, isn't it?

"Oh, by the way, is Snooks supping with you?"

"Yes.

"I thought he might be. Would you mind telling him that there is a lady here who wants to see him very particularly.

"No, I can't quite make out what it's all about, but she keeps shedding floods of tears and saying that men were deceivers ever.

"You'll tell him. Thanks so much. Good-bye."

Then about ten minutes later another conspirator would ring up Mr. Jones.

"That you, Mr. Jones. Oh, is Snooks there by any chance? Yes? Oh, well, please tell him there's a fire in barracks (*sotto voce*, in the ante-room grate, silly ass)."

Another ten minutes and Mr. Jones would be again summoned to the 'phone to be asked if Snooks were there, and if so to give him "Chinstrap's" fondest love.

This sort of thing usually got on Jones's nerves, and the foaming Snooks would be struck off the Sunday supper list.

The wily bird, when he went out to supper at his best girl's house, took the receiver off the hook and let it stay there.

One Sunday night, however, there really was a fire in the barracks, and when the telephone was set going none of the supper-outers would believe it.

"CHINSTRAP."

MARTIAL BUT PATHETIC MUSIC.

The sound of a military band puts life into the most lukewarm blood, but for some unaccountable reason there is always in the thrill an element of pathos.

An old soldier recently said to the writer: "When I hear a military band it brings the tears to my eyes."

In his case this was probably because his fighting days were over and the colours which he could once follow as a soldier he could now only look upon as a spectator. But even to a man who, as a Regular or a Territorial, has the right to wear His Majesty's uniform, there is always, even in the liveliest tune when played by a military band, an element of sentiment that borders upon sadness.

FOXING IN THE RING

BOXERS' DODGES FOR TAKING A REST.

Only a day or so before the moment of writing great discontent was aroused in a southern seaport town as the result of an abortive boxing contest between a well-known English heavy-weight and an almost equally notable French representative of that class. The bout was declared "no contest" because it was an obvious barney. Neither of the men was trying—and each of them, the Frenchman especially, was foxing flagrantly.

For the benefit of those of our readers who are not fully acquainted with the patter of the ring, I may explain that foxing is a term used to express the practice of feigning to take punishment simply in order to gain breath or to get back some of one's lost strength.

HOW OLD PROS. SAVE THEMSELVES.

There are two reasons which boxers have for doing this. The first and more common one is in order not to exhaust oneself overmuch in an unimportant bout. For instance, where you see two fairly well known men down to box for no important purse or title, you can rely that each of them will fox as cleverly as any four-legged and brush-tailed "varmint."

The second reason is simply to gain time and breath in a big fight when the other man is piling up the points.

Now we come to the way in which it is done. The foxer simply lets the other man get in a light tap, and then falls, as though in considerable pain, and cleverly continues to affect extreme exhaustion.

UNDESERVED SYMPATHY.

Out comes the time-keeper's watch and the seconds are slowly counted. The uninitiated among the spectators become highly excited, and they simply quiver as the seconds get nearer and nearer to the fatal ten; but the referee is obviously nettled, and the prostrate man's opponent smiles rather contemptuously. Neither of them is taken in. They know he is foxing, and sure enough, at the word "eight" the stricken man begins to move and he is on his legs listening to the "Hoorays!" "Good lads!" and so forth, of his frenzied supporters, at the call of "Nine."

What makes referees and opponents so angry is that men who indulge in foxing tactics manage to develop an ability to count time almost as accurately as a clock.

They will keep on running away from the other man until they know it is about eight or nine seconds before the end of the round, and then they will promptly go down and take the count. Here, again, they get up before the tenth second, or else the call of "Time" intervenes. Thus they manage to work in extra long rests, for they have had their nine seconds or so on the floor and are then allowed to luxuriate in the attentions of their seconds immediately afterwards, during the interval between the rounds.

WHEN YOU CANNOT HIT A MAN.

Another way in which a foxy boxer will take advantage of an over-sportsmanlike opponent is to keep falling on to his knees, supporting himself on one gloved hand and then laboriously getting up again. There used to be a rule that you could hit a man if he were on only one knee, but not if he were on two; but now you must not hit your man if any other part of his body besides his feet is touching the ground. You simply take a step back, lower your hands and wait for the other to get up again—which, of course, he does at his leisure.

Although it is obviously unsporting, inasmuch as it tends to cheat a man out of his hard-gained advantages, it is perhaps rather difficult to grasp on what grounds referees can legitimately disqualify a man for foxing—a thing that has been done.

H. GILMAN.

MY NOTEBOOK.

THIS WEEK. I should like to draw your attention this week to an article entitled "Mated," which appears on another page. It is the first of a short series which will run for a few weeks under the general title: "Memoirs of a Married Man."

In the case of many contributions appearing in this paper, both stories and articles, they have been the result of long consultation and discussion between my contributors and myself, but with the production of these memoirs I have had nothing whatsoever to do.

Every morning we receive a large number of manuscripts from unknown writers, and one evening while I was reading through the day's batch, I came upon the article in question. From a cursory glance at the title, it did not strike me as being particularly suitable for our paper, as I presumed that it would be of the weakly sentimental type that one is accustomed to associate with the accounts of other people's honeymoons, but further perusal showed me that this impression was entirely wrong, and before I had read to the finish I decided to purchase it.

In an accompanying letter the writer informed me that this was the first of a proposed short series. I immediately wrote to him inviting him to send me the further articles of the series, and, being more than satisfied with them, I have pleasure in presenting the first one to your notice this week. I do not think that the subject has ever been treated with more daring or more delicacy.

NEXT WEEK. The issue next week will be our Christmas double number, and although its preparation has meant a great deal of hard work, it has been very pleasant labour. Working on a double number is to an editor what working on a large canvas must be to an artist. You can get so much more into it, and the completed result is more satisfying.

Naturally I consider next week's number to be the best Christmas number that we have yet produced, and I think your opinion will be the same.

Christmas numbers are bought by many people who do not take the paper in regularly, and therefore you may have some difficulty in securing a copy unless you give your newsagent instructions to reserve one for you.

AWARDS FOR ALL READERS. I hope that all my readers will interest themselves in our Recommendation Scheme. Particulars of it will be found on page 344, and a further recommendation form appears on page 330.

As you already know, the awards will be presented to those readers who do the most work for us by recommending the paper to their friends, but I am particularly anxious that every reader who does any work whatsoever in this direction shall be rewarded, for there are some who have not the same opportunity as others because their circle of friends is not so large; at the same time their enthusiasm is just as great, and we have therefore decided that their efforts on our behalf shall not go unacknowledged.

There are in connection with this scheme seventy-two awards, which will be presented to the seventy-two readers who head the list, but immediately this first scheme has come to an end, we shall start a second one, which will be run on the same lines, and we shall continue to have these schemes month by month. The recommendation forms of those readers who have been unsuccessful in securing one of the awards will be carefully preserved and will be credited to their total for the second scheme. If again they are unsuccessful, their forms for the first two schemes will be credited to them in connection with the third, and so forth, so that every one who works on behalf of the paper is bound to secure one of the awards in one or other of the schemes.

There is another very sound reason why you should enter for one of our awards, and that is, that in connection with a scheme like this there are always many who imagine that the number of recommendation forms which they can send in will stand no chance of securing an award, and so it frequently happens that the awards are carried off by those who have sent in a comparatively small number of forms.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

LONDON CAMEOS.

IX.—THE FROG AND THE POLICEMAN.

The Man in Blue is expected to be handy at everything. He will arrest a street-full of traffic or a ruffian armed with a Browning pistol with an equal willingness and absence of fuss.

He is, moreover, particularly in his element, in performing works of rescue.

The frog had evidently and unwisely strayed from its normal haunts, for it was in the middle of the pavement of a Kensington high road, and had it not been that the hour was late, in all probability unwitting feet would have squelched the life out of him.

Even as it was, the danger still existed.

Hardly perceptible in the lamplight, he sat, eyes protuberant, resting with a curious mixture of wariness and immobility—a bizarre, baleful, beautiful, hideous creature.

The policeman, passing, paused and intently looked at him. He had been country-born, and the spectacle brought back sharp memories of early days in field and lane.

"Hullo!" he said. "What brings you here?"

He stooped down, with a hand clasping each knee, and stared at closer quarters.

The frog revealed no knowledge of his presence.

"Brought out, I expect, by the breakdown of that 'ere cart of cabbages. D'you know, my lad, you'll hop it to kingdom come if you don't make haste out of 'ere? I'm only giving yer friendly warning. Won't take no notice, eh?"

The frog still maintained an unrivalled imperturbability.

"Well, if yer won't go willingly, I shall have to shift yer meself."

And with a quick hand the Man in Blue captured him.

He walked over to the nearest gate, leading to the front garden of a private house, and went through, and then stooped again in the shadow of some bushes and laid the frog gently down.

It jumped away quickly—away from the road.

The policeman retired to his beat, satisfied.

G. A.

BARBED WIRE.

The greatest enemy hunting ever had died a few weeks ago in Paris in the person of John W. Gates, the Yankee millionaire.

Though not actually the inventor of barbed wire—that crime against civilisation, agriculture, and sport having originally been perpetrated by Isaac Ellwood—Gates was the man who popularised it.

Having, when a village store-keeper in Illinois, been shown the diabolical contrivance by Ellwood, he stole a sample, bolted to Texas, and started to manufacture it in defiance of the U.S.A. patent laws. Ellwood tried to stop him by legal process; but Gates travelled from State to State with his machines by night as the officers of the law pursued him, and evaded them until he had laid the foundation of a fortune large enough to put him beyond the reach of American law.

His death recalls the reply of a famous West-country master of hounds to the man who asked him what punishment he would inflict upon the inventor of barbed wire? The M.F.H. promptly selected a hand-saw scientifically applied in a manner not to be more particularly specified as the only possible instrument of execution.

OUR COLONIAL UNIVERSAL SUPPLY DEPARTMENT.

Every Colonial reader should avail himself of the facilities offered by our Colonial Universal Supply Department.

We are prepared to buy and dispatch to any Colonial reader any article whatsoever that can be obtained in London, provided he sends with his order a sufficient sum to cover the cost.

Readers who are likely to have a number of small orders from time to time may, if they so desire, deposit sums of £5 and upwards with us, and a statement of the balance of their deposit will be sent to them each time goods are forwarded.

All goods are carefully packed and dispatched, but it must be understood that they are sent at the purchaser's risk. Where it is possible to register or insure goods in transit, this will be done, providing the purchaser instructs us to do so.

We charge ten per cent. of the value of the purchases to meet the expenses of this department.

All cheques, money orders, and postal orders must be made payable to THE MODERN MAN, Ltd., and all communications regarding this department must be addressed to The Colonial Universal Supply Department, THE MODERN MAN Offices, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

SIGNALLING BETWEEN NEIGHBOURS

SIMPLE METHODS OF COMMUNICATING BY FLAGS AND LAMPS.

It often happens that neighbours in the country live within sight of each other at a distance of from half-a-mile to two miles, but that, owing to the intervention of a river, a lake, a railroad, or a private park, they may have to go some miles round to reach each other's houses.

In such circumstances it is very convenient to be able to communicate quickly with each other. An invitation to one to join the other for tennis or bridge, tea or dinner, would take an hour or so to deliver by hand, and the telephone is still a rare and expensive method of communication in country districts.

THREE WAYS OF SIGNALLING.

If, however, they will take the slight trouble necessary to learn one or other of the various systems of signalling by means of flags, inquiries, invitations, and so forth can be exchanged very quickly.

There are three methods of flag-signalling open to them: the use of the commercial code, hand-signalling alphabetically, and hand-signalling by the Morse code. The last system has the advantage of being employable at night by substituting a lamp for the flag.

Most houses and cottages nowadays possess a flag-staff, thanks to the recurrence during the last quarter of a century of royal jubilees, coronations, and other occasions of popular rejoicing. Where such is the case, the most advantageous system to adopt is that of the commercial code as used at sea.

It is necessary to purchase a set of code flags of a size suitable to the height of the flag-staff and the distance between the two houses, together with the code book.

HAND SEMAPHORING.

Where their respective residences are closer together the system of hand-signalling can be employed. This necessitates each house having a pair of flags affixed to short staves. The flag representing the letter "O" in the commercial code is that employed for hand semaphoring in the British Navy, and, of course, each word has to be spelt in full.

It is necessary to learn the position of the flags by heart (which is not difficult) in order to transmit or receive messages quickly. The flags are not waved, but merely held in the required position until the person being signalled has noted the letter they mean. These flags only cost a few pence each, or they may easily be manufactured at home.

By using the Morse code, however, messages may be conveyed even more quickly, and by the use of only a single flag, though two should be kept in stock. One of these will be of white bunting with a broad, blue, horizontal band across the centre, for use against a dark back-ground or on a dull day. The other will be of blue bunting with a white horizontal band, for use against a light back-ground or on the sky-line, and in bright weather.

EMPLOYING THE MORSE CODE.

The method of using them is to describe long and short arcs with the flag corresponding to the dashes and dots that form the letters and figures of the Morse code, starting from the normal position, when the flag is held at an angle of 45 degrees above the left shoulder. When waved to a similar position over the right side of the signaller it represents a dot; but when dropped below the right shoulder it constitutes a dash. The flag must be waved quickly to form the dashes and dots representing each letter, a slight pause being made in the normal position between the letters, and the flag dropped altogether in front of the body at the completion of each word or message.

The advantage of using the Morse code is that, by employing an ordinary hurricane lantern in place of the flags, it is possible to transmit messages after dark, the lantern showing a short flash for the dot and a long one for the dash.

WALTER KNOX.

A CHARACTER STUDY.

By T. H. FREEMANTLE.

The old reference library was on the quayside, and in the winter the wind that blew up-river whistled through the chinks of the outer, oaken door. You felt it cutting around your ankles as you mounted the stairs.

Then you came to a red-baize door and entered into the lofty arch-windowed, long room where the shelves were.

Behind the first line of bookshelves, concealed from the draught by a heavy hanging curtain on a twelve-foot high rail, you discovered Mr. Temperley, his hands in dirty-white wool mittens, his felt-shoed feet in the big fender, and his body crouched over some ponderous classic, the leaping flame of the great fire lighting up his bloodless face.

Suddenly you became conscious that his colourless eyes were regarding you; they were slate-blue, underneath eyebrows that were innocent of any gloss.

Hundreds of times he had read his books, but each sentence was food and drink to him.

Mr. Temperley was very learned. The inner history of the Aztecs was at his finger tips. Gentlemen of position in the town had left wondrous collections to the library. There were rare books in the characters that looked like "f" for "s." These works were quite natural to him.

There were periods when Mr. Temperley had friends. Sometimes bookworms became interested in discussions with him. For a month or more they would be regular occupants of wooden armchairs by the fire. They would look into the fire and talk to Mr. Temperley. They would look up to find that he had returned to his book. When they went out he did not as much as re-echo their adieu.

Mr. Temperley knew Emerson on Friendship by heart. He had no friends.

The pastry-cook shop sent him up his dinner at mid-day, and this he ate if he was not too deep in some treatise on the investigation of life.

Their mutton pies were very famous. Mr. Temperley would read:

"Now, this mutton was once a living protoplasm, more or less modified, of another animal—a sheep . . . A singular inward laboratory which I possess will dissolve a certain portion of the modified protoplasm; the solution so formed will pass into my veins; and the subtle influences to which it will be subjected will convert the dead protoplasm into living protoplasm and sheep into man."

It was certainly hard to imagine that anything would convert Mr. Temperley into a man. He would read on and forget his mutton-pie.

I have been told that many years ago a woman used to bring up his meals to him. This was his wife, and there were tears when he used to forget the salute of thanks due to all wives who arrive with one's dinner nice and hot and tempting. Mr. Temperley knew the psychology of these things by long perusal of works on the subject. He would realise that it must be done. Mrs. Temperley hated to ask for affection. Absent-mindedly he had married her.

It was years ago since those dinners had ceased to be brought to him, yet sometimes before the heralding steam of a hot lunch filtered over the top of the curtain, Mr. Temperley caught himself preparing to give his wife a satisfactory embrace according to certain tenets.

The immortality of the soul was a matter that interested him academically.

They found him with a treatise on the subject on his knees one day and his head bent a little more forward than usual . . . when they lifted him up they saw that it was the only thing in which he had taken any *practical* interest.

Just as Mr. Temperley had known fully the ethics of friendship and made no friends, the ethics of love and become unlovable, so he had learned entirely of the mystery of death—and no living soul would benefit.

HAVE YOU JOINED YET?

We print below a further instalment of the list of members of THE MODERN MAN *League. The names of those enrolling now will appear in a supplementary list*

SHIREBROOK.
J. GOODWIN, c/o E. Woodhead and Sons; J. KIRK, Dale Villa.

SHIREMOOR.
A. R. LANCASTER, 5, Clara Avenue, Bertram Place.

SHIRLAND.
W. HOLMES, 3, Main Road.

SHOEBURYNESS.
W. J. GILES, Sunbury Villas, Richmond Avenue; T. GILBEY, 114, High Street; H. Mitchell, High Street; A. J. NEVE, 2, Kinguar Street; H. A. S. WEST, The Towers.

SHOREHAM-BY-SEA.
W. LEACH, 27, New Road.

SHORNCLIFFE.
M. E. GODDEN, Wesleyan Home; R. F. INGHAM, R.A.M.C., Military Hospital.

SHOTTON.
WILLIAM HUMPHREYS, 31, Nelson Street; MATTHEW H. MORGAN 3, Leba Terrace.

SHREWSBURY.
A. E. EDWARDS, 3, Broomhall Lane, Bomere Heath; JOHN JONES, 2, Ladysmith Terrace, Mountfields; C. F. OVERY, Pride Hill; R. L. PHILIP, Strathmore, Montague; J. ROLLINGS, 10, Darwin Street; FRANK WESTON, Devonport, Meole Brace.

SIDCUP.
A. WARSANY, Kenmare, Hatherley Crescent; F. G. WARSANY, 13, Carlton Road.

SITTINGBOURNE.
H. W. LUCY, Durban House, Park Road.

SKEGNESS.
C. T. HILTON, c/o Mrs. Watson, Clovelly Wainfleet Road.

SKELMASLIE.
F. McKINNON, Dunand.

SKEWEN.
J. L. THOMAS, Argyle.

SKIPTON-IN-CRAVEN.
F. AMBLER, 35, High Street; CHARLES H. BLACKBURN, 16, Gisburn Street; LOUIS CLARK, 8, Airedale Terrace, Carleton Road; DAVID T. EVANS, Estate Office, Bolton Abbey; ALBERT GRAY, 12, Back Bridge Street; P. GODWARD, 42, Otley Street; VICTOR T. LAYCOCK, 14, Wellington Street; FRED MIDGLEY, 23, Castle Street; SIDNEY PRESTON, 9, Aire View, Carleton; NORMAN ROBERTS, 17, Keighley Road; HERBERT TOWN, Linton Falls; WILLIAM WELLOCK, 3, Craven Terrace.

SLOUGH.
ARTHUR GUNN, "Beatrice," Chalvey Road; A. F. QUESTED, 3, Westlea, Ledgers Road.

SNEINTON HILL.
S. J. HARRIS, 4, Standhill Road.

SOHAM.
ERNEST WADDINGTON.

SOUTHAM.
R. A. FELL, Daventry Road.

SOUTH BANK.
T. PRINCE, Jun., Queen Street.

SOUTH ELMSALL.
GEORGE WILSON, 33, King Street.

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

Membership of the League is open to all regular readers of this paper. There is no subscription nor do members undertake any other liability. The League, with its thousands of members, has been the means of bringing into touch men of similar tastes and making friendships all over the world.

The wearing of the League badge gives you the privilege of an introduction to other members in whatever part of the country you happen to be.

The League badge is obtainable in the following forms and at the following prices:

Gold-plated tie-pin	6d.	Solid silver tie-pin	1s.
Gold-plated safety-pin	6d.	Solid silver safety-pin	1s.
Gold-plated lapel or cap badge	6d.	Solid silver lapel or cap badge	1s.
Gold-plated pendant for watch-chain	6d.	Solid silver pendant for watch-chain	1s.

9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant ..... 6s.
18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant ..... 12s.

The League colours are blue, gold, and purple, and can now be obtained by members from Messrs. A. W. Gamage, Ltd., Holborn, London, E.C., in the following forms:

Straw-hat bands (made up and adjustable)	1s. 4½d.,	post free
Narrow bow ties	1s. [illegible]d.,	,, ,,
Wide-ended silk ties	2s. 5½d.,	,, ,,
Silk mufflers	4s. 11d.,	,, ,,

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

APPLICATION FORM.

The League Badge. Actual Size.

Please enrol me as a Member of THE MODERN MAN League, and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

THE VAN TRAVELLER'S WORK

THE MONEY SIDE OF A SPORTING MODE OF LIFE.

To the average man of sporting inclinations, there are few occupations more attractive than that of a van-traveller, for, on the face of it, the life is one of considerable variety. The traveller is more or less his own master, he sees fresh scenes almost every day, and, above all, he enjoys that most pleasurable of sensations to the real sportsman, the feeling of being in charge, and for a time almost the owner, of a horse.

As we see him happily tooling his little vehicle along, tickling his nag now and then with his whip, and as we note his care-free expression, we are apt to exaggerate his good fortune, at any rate from a monetary point of view. We are apt to imagine that he makes more money than he really does.

It was with this idea in mind that I recently paid a visit to Mr. Samuel March, the secretary of the London Carmen's Trade Union, of 54, Minories, E.C., who very kindly gave me the facts and figures which go towards the making of this article.

THE MATTER OF MONEY.

As a general rule, the van-traveller is poorly paid. This is a general statement. Doubtless there are men to be found in different trades all over the country who drive vans and draw salaries and commission, and who will find themselves better off than the men in the instances I am going to deal with, but they will doubtless be in the private employ of a generous and friendly master, and will most decidedly be exceptions to a pretty badly paid rule.

In this article I am dealing with the type of driver who, if he were not a van-traveller would have been a clerk, and these I may safely divide up under three important headings —namely:

(1) Mineral water,
(2) Bread, and
(3) Milk.

WHAT THE MINERAL WATER MAN MAKES.

The first-named is apparently a fairly good case; but I say "apparently" advisedly. He gets a standard wage of about 39s. or £2 per week, plus a good commission on his sales. (Mineral water is about the most profitable business in existence, so that firms can allow their travellers a commission which, in the hot weather, will perhaps amount to anything from £2 to £3 per week). This brings his weekly earnings up to a possible maximum of £5, but remember that in the winter sales of mineral water fall very low, and his commission will then be so insignificant that he will have to rely for subsistence chiefly on his standard wage. But his yearly average can roughly be set down at anything from £150 to £200, a total which certainly compares favourably with the earnings of the average clerk in a business house.

On the other hand, however, it must be remembered that he has to travel public-houses and hotels, and that he has to make trade and *keep it*. This means constantly dipping his hands in his pockets for all sorts of reasons. He is allowed no expenses. He must defray these out of his salary and commission. Thus we find his yearly income sadly reduced, very often to as little as £100.

THE CURSE OF CREDIT.

The bread traveller is even worse off. His standard wage is about 15s. a week (though many men get as little as 10s. a week), and his commission may bring his earnings up to 30s. or 35s. a week. But he is a victim of a deplorable system by which he is held responsible for all the stock that he takes out with him. He must either return or produce the money for it.

Experience teaches him that he can do no business without giving credit. If he won't, his prospective customers will patronise some other man who will. And this is what happens.

As a rule his customers are the wives of men who work on Saturdays, often till a later hour than that at which he calls for his bill. On Saturday he is told that the master of the house is not in. Will he either call later in the day or on Monday morning?

If he returns later he very likely gets paid, but in all probability he is tired and leaves it over till Monday. Then, alas! he is told that the housewife has forgotten about him. She is *so* sorry, but she had to buy some boots and so on for her children, and she has spent all her allowance; but never mind; she will pay him two weeks' money on the following Saturday.

The deuce of it is, though, that she doesn't. She can't afford to. He is lucky if he gets a shilling or two "off the account and let the balance run on." That is the usual glib phrase, and it means that the van-traveller whose stock in trade is bread, is lucky if he has as much as a regular 25s. a week to live on.

The vanman who carries milk is in the same circumstances if he is made responsible for "trust"; and, here again, in refusing credit he is jeopardising all prospects of commission.

Another type of carman who is, perhaps, not so well educated, but who is in reality better off, is the brewer's vanman. He generally earns a standard wage of 4s. a day and draws a commission on all empty barrels that he returns. This will often amount to six or eight shillings a week, so that we can estimate his weekly wage at about 30s. or 32s.

TRAVELLING IN TEA AND TOBACCO.

Possibly the case of the man who travels in tea or tobacco will be advanced as being more promising; but here a very important fact should be noted. There are very few—indeed hardly any—men who travel in those commodities and drive their own vehicles. In almost every case he is but a paid servant, whose age may range from eighteen to fifty, and who draws anything from £1 to £1 2s. a week; a very poor salary on the face of it.

As Mr. March said to me, the only redress for the van-traveller lies in co-operation; but, for some inscrutable reason, the men I have described do not seem to realise the fact clearly enough.

ARTHUR ROBINSON.

A SWIMMING TIP.

There are many who find it impossible to enjoy the sport of swimming because, after leaving the water, they suffer from buzzing in the ears and temporary deafness.

The simplest means of prevention is to rub a little cold cream or vaseline into the ear before entering the water. This greasing of the skin will induce what water has entered the ear to run out again as soon as the head is turned.

A small tube of cold cream can easily be carried in the pocket.

The habit of taking Mustard regularly at meals

is a sign of virile young manhood. There isn't much the matter, or likely to be, with the young fellow who whets his appetite and keeps his digestion with the liberal use of

COLMAN'S

D. S. F. **mustard**

RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by our
PHYSICAL CULTURE EXPERT.

STORING UP ENERGY.

THE ADVANTAGE OF HAVING A BIT IN HAND.

Some time ago I was training a man for a big athletic event. I was not by any means certain that he would win, and I knew that no effort must be relaxed to have him in the pink of condition when the hour of the contest arrived.

The day before the battle I told him to do no work at all, and made him spend most of his time resting on the sofa. He was impatient at this restraint, and told me that he felt he must do something to give his muscles work, but I would not permit him to take up any exercise of any kind.

The result of this proceeding was that when the time for the contest arrived, I brought him there simply bubbling over with pent-up energy. He was eager to work this off, just like a horse that has been kept in the stable without exercise for a day or two and has been well fed all the time.

He won, and the fact that he was filled with stored-up energy had as much to do with his success as any part of his preparation.

I always advocate at least one day's complete rest before any big athletic event, for if the muscles are to be called upon for exceptionally hard work, they should have in reserve a good supply of stored-up energy, and this they cannot have if they are worked up to the last moment.

This reserve of energy may be said to apply to other matters as well as Physical Culture, but I must confine myself to that subject. Everyone who is interested in athletics must have encountered the man who is always busy about nothing, and who runs about here and there, giving his muscles unnecessary work, and the mind needless anxiety; as a result, he is never able to do anything very much in the way of performance, nor do his muscles grow as fast and as large as they ought to.

A BICEPS MAKER.

FOR ALL WHO DESIRE BIGGER ARM MUSCLES.

Many readers send me particulars of their measurements, and it is noticeable what a large proportion fall short in the size of their biceps.

The muscles of the upper arm, including both the biceps and the triceps, are what might be called the show muscles of the body. It is the upper arm that a man invites his friends to feel, if they have any doubt as to his muscular development.

To be done very slowly.

For these reasons, I give the following exercise, which is not a new one, but has never been surpassed as a biceps maker.

Rest upon the floor so that the weight of the body is supported by the toes and the hands. The fingers point towards the front, and one hand comes under each shoulder. The chest just touches the floor.

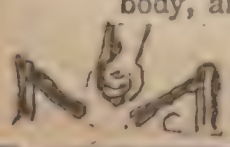
Now raise the body by straightening out the arms, not with a jerk, but very slowly.

When the body has been raised as high as it can be got, pause for a moment and slowly lower it by bending the arms until the chest again touches the floor.

In doing this exercise, a common error is to lower the body with a jerk; if this is done, that part of the movement is wasted; but if the body is lowered slowly, the effect is as good upon the muscles as the movement made in raising the body, for in the one case you are pressing the weight upwards, while in the other case you are resisting the weight as it descends.

If you have not done this exercise before, you should not repeat it more than ten times morning and evening, but after some practice you will be able to repeat it as many as thirty times without undue strain.

Inhale to the full capacity of the lungs as you raise the body, and exhale as you lower it.



PHYSICAL CULTURE ANSWERS.

S. J. M. (Cardiff).—As your doctor forbids you to go in for vigorous sports on account of heart weakness, you must resign yourself to doing without them. A weak heart may serve a man throughout a long life if it is not overtaxed, but it will quickly give way if you place upon it a strain that it is not able to bear. Content yourself with long walks.

G. H. P. (Leytonstone).—Chest and biceps and forearms want bringing up. Other measurements good.

P. S. (Gillingham).—The exercise given this week will do what you require.

C. L. R. (Northenden).—Weight about right for your present height. You will probably grow five or six inches yet; keep the body proportionate by constant exercise.

F. W. (West Hartlepool).—You will sleep more soundly if you do not go to bed till you are thoroughly tired. Have a long walk or a swim in the evening, and a light supper.

H. C. (Southampton).—The Ambrose Wilson magneto belts are very beneficial in cases such as yours where there is a tendency to depression and nervousness.

W. R. (Newport).—Bottled cider is not a good drink. It is usually doctored with sulphur to make it keep. As you are a teetotaler, you had better go in for ginger beer, but I am not an advocate of drinking between meals.

D. S. (Newcastle).—Cycling will not interfere with your boxing. Far from it. Good leg development is necessary if you are to be a success with the gloves.

R. H. W. (Hornsey).—Plenty of fresh fruit and vegetables will cure your constipation.

G. R. (Manchester).—People of a nervy temperament like yourself should eat food of rather a stodgy character. This has a tendency to calm the nerves down. But are you sure that your condition is not due to smoking too much? The amount a man may smoke depends partly upon the quality of his tobacco, and partly upon the amount of fresh air he gets.

BRIBERY.

Let me bribe you to take up my Course of "Practical Veterinary Physical Culture." To every one who takes up the Course I will give the most valuable prize in the world—Health, Strength, and a Fine Physique. To you this is worth

£1,000,000.

Will you send a postcard now for my latest publication, "The Use and Abuse of Exercise?" I will send it to you free. It is the most unique hand-book on Physical Culture in existence, gives a mine of valuable information and tells you all about the Robinson Method.

Send **NOW**. You will forget to do so to-morrow.

J. JACKSON ROBINSON, Physical Culture Specialist (Dept. M.P.), 18, Cheltenham Avenue, LIVERPOOL.

N.B.—Letters require 1d. stamp whether the Envelope is sealed or not.

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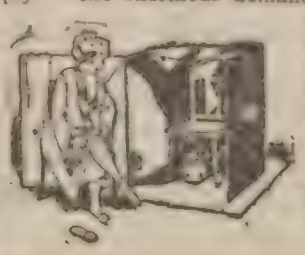


CENTURY THERMAL BATH CABINET, Ltd.
(Dept. 556), **205, Regent Street, London, W.**

THE WINTER WEEK-END

A VERY DIFFERENT MATTER FROM THE FLYING VISIT IN AUGUST.

When the week-end habit began to be a serious rival to the parsons, and people found rest and refreshment in the open air instead of in attending, perhaps, monotonous church services, it was chiefly a summer-time affair. When the weather was really hot, it was pleasant to run out of town to a seaside resort for a breath of sea air.

The habit grew apace, and the week-end away from the scene of one's daily work became a winter pastime also. Today there are hundreds of thousands of people who would think life not worth living if they did not spend three out of four week-ends all the year round away from home.

OPPORTUNITIES FOR EXERCISE.

Many of these people are content just to go from their own town to another town, the latter usually on the coast, even in winter. These may be said to have no particular out-door ambitions. They are content with the town and its opportunities of amusement.

But there is a very large section of week-enders to whom such a mere change of residence would bring no pleasure of any sort. They demand scope for overflowing enterprise and for physical exercise, such as the seaside town in winter seldom offers.

For these people—most of whom are men with no business, or family, or social ties to keep them in town—the winter and the summer week-ends have nothing in common, and the week-ender of this class who persists, thoughtlessly, in trying the same places for his visit in winter as he patronised in the summer is doomed to disappointment and disgust.

THE BEST PLACE IN WINTER.

This should be obvious after a moment's consideration. The summer week-end was usually taken without a thought of the weather. At almost any seaside place there would then be found a variety of amusements. But these are not available in the winter, and where all was gaiety when the sun was hot and high, now all is dreariness, depression, and emptiness.

In spite of this, however, the winter week-end should be a time for out-door life. The only care that must be taken, then, is to see that the place chosen offers opportunities for such a life.

It is, taking it all round, much the best thing to choose an inland town for the winter Saturday to Monday—preferably an old town, and one that is not too much in the public eye. I could name dozens of such places where a city man would find many things to attract him.

If possible, the place should not be in a thickly-populated area, but in an open country-side where there are hills and downs.

HIRING A HACK.

This sort of place is probably a good hunting centre, where there are numerous opportunities of hiring a horse for a morning's ride over the downs. Indeed, the winter week-end of which such a ride is the chief incident is one of the best that can be recommended to a man. It is worth keeping to ride solely for the pleasure of this occasional sleep in the open.

Remembering, too, that an hour may change the weather from cold, clear frostiness, to the dirtiest, windiest, rainiest possible weather, the week-ender should go provided with suitable clothes.

Probably there will be no need to put a starched shirt, much less a dress suit, in the kitbag, and only soft collars need be taken. The cap one wears for travelling, too, will be the only headgear.

Actually the only necessary special article of clothing is the heavy slip-on rainproof coat, in which one can laugh at the weather, and in which one can walk, ride, fish, or potter about the hills, or the farm, or the town golf.

Jack-fishing, if one can hit upon a quiet mill-pond, is a delightful object for the winter week-ends. The mill and the ponds and the fish want a little finding, but they do exist, and can be enjoyed often for the mere courtesy of asking the miller's permission.

One of the happiest discoveries one can make in a winter week-end is that what passes for vile weather in a city is not only quite endurable but actually enjoyable in the country, provided one is dressed according to country requirements.

VICTOR INGLIS.

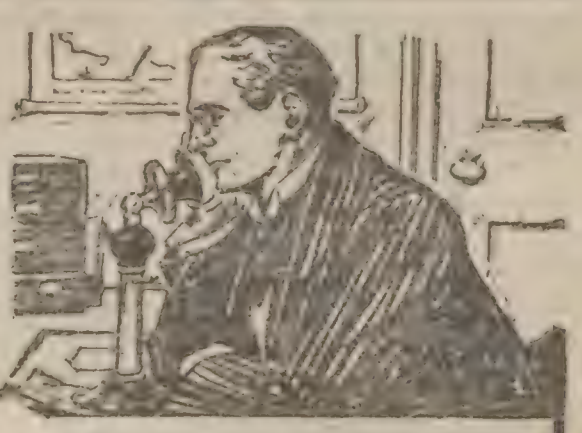
STRIKING MATCHES.

The halfpenny boxes of wooden vestas, which most smokers prefer to wax vestas, are not usually provided with glass paper of a high quality, and before the matches have been used up the striking strip becomes torn and useless.

The result is a good deal of annoyance, and a proportionate amount of strong language.

It is a good plan to use one end of the glass-paper exclusively at first. By the time the matches have been half used, this end will have been rubbed smooth, but the other end will be as rough as when the box was first purchased, and will be sufficient for the striking of all the remaining matches.

"Send in the I.C.S. man."



When in competition for a good job the battle is half won if you are an I.C.S. man. The simple fact that you have had an I.C.S. training tells employers that you have had an I.C.S. training tells employers that you are competent; tells them that you know your business through and through—technically, theoretically, practically. I.C.S. men have their heads in their work—*and employers know it.* A Nottingham student proved this to his lasting benefit. He writes:—

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(Signed) D. J. BETHELL, Nottingham.

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CORNERED.—*(Continued from page 336.)*

fying, Daffy; the old gentleman has a charming lot of valuables. But we mustn't stay to gloat over them now. . . . They're evidently taking every precaution. No doubt the locksmith described us as a pair of desperate-looking villains—alien desperadoes of the worst type. They'll run no unnecessary risk; they probably expected we're armed."

"Correct," I assented grimly. "And meanwhile——"

"Oh, meanwhile," said Ferris, with his air of indomitable recklessness, "we must find a way out, Daffy."

"And quick, too!"

"This way. The roof's our only chance."

"Have you left on the lights?"—as we took the top-floor stairs.

"You bet I have! They won't be so quick to rush—with that as an aid to straight shooting. Where's the skylight? Ah, here! Up you get, Daffy!—on to my shoulders!"

There was no disputing about precedence, and in a moment I had leaped from his strong shoulders to the sill, and was pushing upwards with cracking muscles the lever which supported the window. With another effort I pulled myself through and then lowered an arm to help him up likewise.

"A thing of steel and wire rope," said Ferris—a whispered compliment. I followed him, under the stars, to the iron railings that edged the roof. The neighbouring house was some distance off. We crouched low, staring over.

"Now," I murmured, half under my breath, "how far is it to that other roof?"

"Ten feet, if an inch, Daffy," said Ferris, in a cool, low tone.

"We should make a devil of a clatter—if we made an attempt at jumping it."

"Not with our boots off. And there's room for a short run."

"Isn't there a ladder anywhere?" I admit weakness prompted the query.

"Nowhere nearer than the garden, and that, like heaven, is beyond our reach. It's up to us, Daffy. . . ."

"I suppose it is," said I, and sat down to unlace my boots.

Beneath us was silence—a silence becoming sinister.

"How long before the fun begins?" I muttered a query. Ferris didn't answer. He was knotting the laces together, and now half rose, his boots swinging from his hand.

"You going first?" I whispered.

"Easy as a swallow," he said, and I have met no other man who would have undertaken that leap with such a joke. I watched him with every nerve on the stretch as he silently retreated to the extent of the space available, and then sprang forward, noiseless and cat-like. I got to my feet; I could not let him see I was as frightened as I was, and took the leap, too; but it made my stomach turn as I passed over the yawning chasm.

We became almost careless when we had a dozen times repeated the procedure. By now we were well outside the danger zone and almost at the end of the terrace.

"This is as far as we dare go," said Ferris, whispering in the shelter of a chimney. "We must chance descending to the street, and, if possible, before they discover we're missing. They appear to be carrying caution too far—I've heard no disturbance as yet."

And with an indifference to consequences which circumstances were mainly responsible for, we pulled open the first skylight and dropped into an empty attic.

There, silently, we put on our boots. It was an inhabited house, for none in the road was "to let," but we walked down the stairs as though the place were our own and came into a red-lighted hall.

We helped ourselves to a cap and overcoat apiece, listening almost carelessly to the voices and laughter in the drawing-room. How we blessed that friendly little party afterwards—if party it happened to be. They were undoubtedly happy. And so were we, when, strolling round to the corner, we hailed a providential taxi and got in, and looked back interestedly at the inspector on guard at the corner.

We returned the caps and overcoats, with a grateful anonymous note.

[*Another of these stories will appear shortly.*—Editor.]

OUR GREAT RECOMMENDATION SCHEME

We want our readers to introduce "The Modern Man" to all their friends and acquaintances, and we, on our part, shall reward them amply for their trouble.

LIST OF AWARDS.

We have decided to make the following awards, and in order to insure that our readers shall obtain entire satisfaction in every way, we are placing our orders in connection with this scheme exclusively with firms whose announcements are well known to all readers of these pages and who have proved that they can give their customers every satisfaction.

AWARDS 1 to 6.

SIX FOUR-GUINEA OVERCOATS,

made by that well-known firm, Messrs. J. & H. Ellis, 201, Strand, London. Each of the six readers entitled to one of these awards will receive an order from us upon Messrs. J. & H. Ellis for a Four-Guinea Overcoat, and the reader can select whatever style and material he prefers.

He will receive every attention and a perfect fit will be guaranteed to him.

AWARDS 19 to 24.

SIX TROUSER PRESSES,

made by Mr. H. Clipson, 53, Eccles Road, London, S.W. These Trouser Presses are made of polished oak, handsomely finished with plated fittings, and are full size.

AWARDS 7 to 12.

Six Pairs of One-Guinea Riding Breeches

made by Messrs. C. & G. McKinley, 7, Gresham Street, London, E.C. These breeches will be made to the requirements of the individual readers to whom they are awarded, and will be cut and finished in the first-class style for which Messrs. McKinley are celebrated. A perfect fit is guaranteed.

AWARDS 25 to 60.

THREE DOZEN "LADDIZ" CAPS,

made by Messrs. J. Holden & Co., 32, Finsbury Square, London, E.C.

These caps embody the "Laddiz" patent spring cushion, which ensures a perfect fit and free ventilation.

Those to whom these caps are awarded will select the size and material they desire.

AWARDS 13 to 18.

Six of the Mr. Edward Aston's Courses for Increase of Height & All-round Development

Mr. Edward Aston, who holds the title of "Britain's Strongest Man," is one of the most up-to-date teachers of Physical Culture, and his courses embody the very latest ideas in this science.

AWARDS 61 to 72.

These twelve readers will have awarded to them the services of THE NATIONAL TAILORING & REPAIRING CO., 144/146, Hampstead Road, London, N.W., to the value of 3/6 each.

This company is one of the best of its kind in London, and those securing one of these awards will be entitled to have either a suit or an overcoat cleaned and returned to them free of charge.

EXACTLY WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO.

All you have to do is to recommend, in the following way, The Modern Man to someone who is not at present a buyer of it. Get him interested in the paper and persuade him to purchase a copy. When he has done so, ask him to cut out the recommendation form which appears on page 330 and to give it to you.

In our issues dated December 9 and December 16 there will be printed further recommendation forms which can also be used.

When your recommendation forms have been duly filled in, forward them to us along with your name and address, so as to reach us on or before the first post on Monday, December 18. Do not send in the recommendation forms before the fourth one has been published.

Send them all together in one batch, to reach us between December 12 and December 18.

The awards will be given to those who have done most work for the paper in recommending it to new buyers, the highest awards going to those sending us the largest number of recommendation forms filled in, the awards next highest in value going to those sending the next largest number of forms, and so on until all the awards have been distributed.

The names and addresses of those to whom the awards have been distributed will appear in our issue dated January 6 and published on January 1.

We desire it to be thoroughly understood that all these awards will duly be distributed amongst those who participate in this scheme, no matter how small may be the number of recommendation forms sent in by those who enter, but the more forms you send in the more likely are you to come out at the top of the list.

No employee of The Modern Man, Ltd., and no one in any way connected with the paper will be eligible for any of these awards.

The entry form which will appear in our issue dated December 16, and which you will be required to sign and to forward to us along with the recommendation forms which you have collected, will bind you to accept the Editor's decision as final in all matters connected with this scheme, and readers may enter for the awards only on that understanding.

No inquiries concerning this scheme will be answered by post, but queries of general interest may be dealt with in the paper.

A. W. Gamage.

The Secrets of Success

How some of our most successful business men are helping others to succeed

Sir Joseph Lyons.

AMONG the most wonderful features of the present developments in business life is the fact that the men who have succeeded most themselves are the very men who most help others to succeed. Not the least prominent are the two men whose portraits head this article, Mr. A. W. Gamage and Sir Joseph Lyons. Gamage has built his present huge business, with its ramifications all over the world, by his own efforts from a tiny one-man shop. Lyons' success has been just as wonderful.

And both these men have assisted in the production of the most wonderful work on business ever published in this country—the "Business Encyclopædia"—a work that is helping thousands along the road to success that Gamage and Lyons have themselves travelled so far.

Nor are they all. For many other men have helped too. Such men as Richard Burbidge, managing director of Harrods' Stores; and S. F. Edge, the famous expert on making and selling motor cars, who started as a cycle racer; and James Murray Allison, who in six or seven years has reached the top of the tree in the advertising profession, and is now advertisement manager of the *Times;* and John Lawrie, managing director of William Whiteley, Ltd., who has only this last week seen his firm open some of the most wonderful business premises in England, if not in the world.

How it Concerns You.

Yet these are only a few of the men who have contributed to the "Business Encyclopædia," and they deal between them with every subject that can occur in business life to-day. If you are going to make your bid for success in a capacity in any way connected with business, you cannot find a greater help than to have the "Business Encyclopædia" by your side. If you want to know anything about advertising, could you go to a better authority than S. H. Benson, the founder and governing director of the great firm of advertising agents, who are responsible for the advertising of Bovril, of Colman's Mustard, and many other of the largest advertisers in the country? Or, on the same subject of advertising, would you not be glad to equal the success of Wareham Smith, who started life at the age of thirteen in a newsagent's shop and is now, by his own unaided efforts, advertising director of the *Daily Mail?* And both these men are among the many contributors to the "Business Encyclopædia."

Is it any wonder, then, that over 50,000 successful business men and great business firms are already using the work? Can there be any doubt that you will be better able to succeed if you also have it by your side to give you advice in your difficulties and to lend you confidence in your decisions?

A Book on Business Free.

In the next column you will find a special coupon for readers of MODERN MAN, which entitles you to a free copy of an interesting book on business, that may set you on the right road to business success, just as it has set many others of your fellow readers. In itself, it is of considerable value to any business man, for it contains actual facsimile specimens, showing how to draw up important legal documents, such as wills, agreements, leases, indentures, etc., etc.

But—and this is its most vital point for you—it tells you also *all* about this great "Business Encyclopædia," the work that MODERN MAN describes as "probably the most valuable work that any business man could have." It is the only work that gives full and detailed information on all the problems that confront the business man during his work.

Whatever line of business you are in, whatever position you occupy in it, this work can prove invaluable to you if you will use it right. If you want to know about any point in book-keeping, the "Business Encyclopædia" will tell you. If you want to know about drawing up a balance-sheet, or a profit and loss account, you will find it here. If you want to know the law as it affects your own particular calling, if you want to know anything about manufacturing, if you want to learn all about loose leaf and card index systems, you can learn it here. You can learn, in fact, of any and every subject connected with business. Surely you realise the help this knowledge would mean.

A Position at £200 Offered to You.

Moreover, the "Business Encyclopædia" has one great and immediate advantage, that is alone worth many times the cost of the book. Its possession entitles you to enter without entrance fee for the forthcoming examination in business knowledge for a situation at £200 a year or £100 in cash. The situation is in the office of the Caxton Publishing Company, and to the right man it offers wonderful possibilities of a great success.

It is only because over 50,000 firms and business men are already using the work that we are able to offer to deliver it to any reader of MODERN MAN for a first payment of 1s. 6d. only, the balance being paid in small monthly payments, while you are already using and benefiting by the work. But signing this coupon does not cost you anything.

FREE BOOK COUPON.

This Coupon entitles you to one free copy of the book describing the "Business Encyclopædia," but it must be sent at once. It tells all about the work and the specially low terms to readers of MODERN MAN.

To the CAXTON PUBLISHING CO., LTD.,
52, Surrey Street, London, W.C.

Please send me one complimentary copy of the book on the "Business Encyclopædia." I am a reader of MODERN MAN.

Name.....
(Send this form or a postcard).

Address.....

.....

BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

R. W. B. (Hove) asks whether it is the right thing for him to send two private Christmas cards to friends in one family all living in one house. It would be more usual to send one card to the lady of the household, but if R. W. B. decides to send his particular friends a couple he may, but he should not have them of the same pattern, as that looks like circularising.

"LEGO" (Irlam).—The reason why one talks in one's sleep is that the slumber is not sufficiently sound, and the mind is actively dreaming.

J. McD. (Edinburgh).—The use of bandages on the hands in boxing contests is a matter for agreement between the principals. If they agree to use them, then the length and material of the bandages must be approved and deposited with the management of the N.S.C. at the time of signing articles. A bandage for either hand must not exceed six feet in length or one inch in width. A boxer is entitled to see his opponent bandaged, and must also submit his own bandaging operations for inspection by the referee or his opponent or anyone deputed by him.

"LOYAL SCOT" (Beckenham).—Any theatrical costumier could supply you with a second-hand regimental kilt cheap.

G. H. T. (Stamford).—You require a licence if you use a small rifle or even an air-gun in your garden, unless you employ it solely for the purpose of scaring birds, and then you have to be able to show that you are an agriculturist before even that exempts you.

L. R. S. (High Wycombe).—Write to the Clerk of the Council, County Hall, Spring Gardens, S.W., for particulars of L.C.C. clerkships.

E. P. (Leeds).—£10 would not be sufficient capital for opening a confectioner's shop in a busy thoroughfare. Work for someone in the trade, if necessary without pay, before you set up a business for yourself.

R. T. (Bayswater).—The headquarters of the 27th County of London Battalion (Inns of Court Rifles) are at 10, Stone Buildings, W.C.

F. B. S. (Derby).—Stick to mother-of-pearl sleeve links till you can afford gold ones. Rolled-gold links are a waste of money.

J. A. A. (Sydenham).—It is not unusual for the trousers to become shiny at the crease if they have been carelessly pressed. The shininess is the result of dragging the trousers too much when the pressure of the screws is exerted upon them. Fold them carefully before you put them into the press, fix the screws tightly at one end, and then pull the trousers straight while one end of the press is still loose.

A. F. (Dover).—Puttees can be made to look quite as neat as leggings if properly put on. Get one of your Territorial friends to show you the right way.

T. C. H. (Oxford).—The International Correspondence School is undoubtedly the best institution for postal tuition.

"EQUES" (Birmingham).—The difference in the prices of leggings is due to the fact that a better quality of leather is used for the more expensive sorts. In the case of brown leggings this makes a considerable difference in their appearance, but it does not matter so much with black.

J. F. (Belfast).—Reciting is a bit out of date. If you want to entertain your friends, learn a few good comic songs.

C. M (Greenock).—You can remove grease from leather by rubbing it with methylated spirits.

G. E. (Norwich).—Particulars regarding bankers' examinations can be had from the secretary of the Institute of Bankers, 34, Clement's Lane, London, E.C.

C. H. (Gateshead).—Whether the hobby of keeping fancy mice is juvenile or not, you are by no means the only man who goes in for them. One of our most popular and virile contributors is a keen mouse-fancier.

W. T. C. (Huddersfield).—You can get a pair of "walking-out" spurs with loose rowels from Messrs. Samuel Brothers, 65, Ludgate Hill, London.

"DICK" (Market Harborough).—The best time to pare soft corns is when you take your boots off at night. The feet are then warm, and the corns are more easily cut.

W. E. (Camberwell), **N. W.** (Alvechurch), **R. B. C.** (Thornby-on-Tees), **W. B. L.** (Lincoln), **H. H.** (Worcester), **L. C.** (Diss), **C. S.** (Bradford), **S. E. C.** (Clovelly), **R. M.** (Portsmouth), **H. C. R.** (York).—Much obliged.

THE CANNON GAME AT BILLIARDS.

Men who are in the habit of being contented with an average break of, perhaps, no more than two or four, might do worse than practise cannons.

The reason of their short breaks is that they have not the ability to play for position, and after one score or so are faced with a leave that looks impossible. That is, impossible to play an ordinary shot from.

This is where the cannons come in. A little practice at them will make you see possibilities for cannons in almost where you would previously not have even dreamed of trying one.

PHYSICAL CULTURE AND COMMON SENSE.

"Many a young physical culturist reminds me of the recent rush on the National Penny Bank," said Mr. Edward Aston, Britain's strongest man, in the course of a lecture recently delivered in London. "They get an idea into their head—a very vague idea as a general rule—that sets their energy going at a fearful pace, both mentally and physically, but, unfortunately for the subject, both the physical and mental activity is as 'lop-sided' as it can possibly be.

"These people are usually the hardest to convert from their physical blindness. Having at last got a glimpse of the value of judicious exercise in others, they immediately rush into a set of self-chosen exercises, until they are reminded of their incompetency to choose exercises suited to their own requirements, by an actual physical breakdown.

"They overlook the fact that no two men's physical requirements are the same, and that to get the benefits they desire, the movements should be advised by a specialist in those things."

OVERCOAT, READY TO WEAR.

Prepare for the Winter.
Buy your Overcoat Now.

Masters' "Burlington" Overcoat is a speciality which all well-dressed men are wearing. It is made of beautifully warm and blanket cloth in all the fancy rich-looking shadow stripes, green, blue, grey, &c., by expert Tailors, roomy and warm for the Winter. Masters' system of immediate supply is for your convenience. Simply send

3/- WITH ORDER,

give your height, chest measurement over vest, and colour desired, and we send you 30/- self-fitting ready-to-wear Overcoat post paid. Pay 3/- on delivery and 5/- monthly. We also supply the "Burlington" Coat in the same shades, double-breasted, back strap and strapped sleeves for 35/-, or 4/- deposit, 4/- on delivery, and 5/- monthly. Send 3/- (or 4/- for the D.B.), and ask for the "Burlington" ready-to-wear Overcoat.

SUITS MADE TO MEASURE
On Easy Terms.

We will supply you with a man-tailored Suit, cut to your own measurements, in all the latest shades, for 34/6, &c, on easy terms, 5/- monthly. Send for patterns, measure form, and fashion-plate free.

MASTERS "VERACITY" ACCORDION.

Ten Double Notes, Nickel Fittings, Two Stops, 8-Fold Bellows, Two Bass Keys, Bell attached, Black Cases, organ tone, &c. Price 12/- cash, 14/6 easy terms. Send 2/6 with order, pay 2/6 on delivery, and 2/6 monthly. Send 2/6 now.

List of Christmas Presents Free.

MASTERS, Ltd.,
85, Hope Stores, RYE, Eng.

MADAM HARMES,
17, Orange Street, Haymarket.

Treatment for Obesity.
—Swedish Exercises.—
Celebrated Chiropodist.
:: HIGHLY RECOMMENDED. ::

Hours 11 to 8.30 p.m. Sundays included.

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

SILENCE.

A QUALITY NECESSARY FOR THE BUSINESS MAN

The quality of silence is one of those things that make for success in business—not sulky silence, but judicious silence.

In warfare a rigorous censorship is exercised over the communications that newspaper correspondents are allowed to make, in case the enemy should get to know what operations are contemplated. Such precautions are equally necessary in the warfare of business. For a tradesman to let his competitors know what he intends to do, is to invite them to forestall him.

A business man pays a visit to the offices of another firm for the purpose of bringing off a certain deal. During the interview, as often happens, he hears a funny story. He repeats it to someone else who is not in his line of business at all, and mentions that it was told to him by Mr. Brown-Smith.

It is a good story, and the hearer repeats it to a mutual friend, who happens to be in the same line of business as the man who is contemplating the deal.

"It is quite a good tale," is the introductory remark; "Jones told it me; he heard it from Brown-Smith." And the man who is in the same line of business makes a mental note that Jones has been to see Brown-Smith. Often he can guess for what purpose.

If you do not want a thing to be known, do not speak about it to anybody.

A fatal error on the part of an employee is to let his employer know that he is looking about for another post. He may tell his employer that he is quite satisfied except in the matter of money, but, with a view to bettering himself, may have a testimonial? His employer naturally replies that he may, but it is not likely that he is going to keep a seat warm for a man who may leave him at any inconvenient moment, and he therefore quietly makes arrangements for filling the post, giving his dissatisfied employee double money instead of notice, and putting a new man in.

Being wise, or at least experienced, he does not indicate his intentions in any way—not even in his manner. To be gifted with the faculty of silence means not only being able to hold one's tongue, but also being able to dissimulate one's feelings.

D. W. WARD.

FINANCE.

(In this section we place at the service of our readers the service of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—EDITOR.)

MARKETS IN GENERAL.

The Stock markets have been featureless during the week under review, although prices, taken all round, have been firm.

The recent public issues have been fairly successful, which goes to prove that there is plenty of money about for investment.

The Board of Trade returns for October are extremely good, and show that the "Old Country" is still doing an immense and improving trade, which, of course, benefits the Home Railway market, and investors need look no further for sound and promising investments.

AMERICANS.

These have had a week of slowly falling prices, but the loss was all recovered on Friday and Saturday, and there is not much doubt that the Wall Street bankers mean to have prices higher, if it is only to ensure the success of bond issues which are on the tapis. Besides the support of the big financiers, the trade of the United States is improving almost daily, and Copper stocks especially look like going higher on the increased consumption all over the world.

CANADIAN PACIFICS.

This stock has fallen a couple of points; but Grand Trunks have kept firm and show great promise for the investor, as in eighteen months the Grand Trunk Pacific will be completed, making the quickest route from the American continent to Japan.

MEXICAN RAILS.

These have firmed up in price towards the end of the week, and those who ought to know are predicting great things for Mexico under the new President.

MINES.

I still think Kaffirs and Rhodesians ought to be sold on every rise, and Camp Birds ought to be bought on the excellent Santa Gertrudis developments.

FINANCIAL ANSWERS.

D. Mc G. (Dalkeith).—Hold. I think they are likely to rise to your price.

L. (Devonport).—Your selection is a good one.

T. F. (Galashiels).—(1) Highly speculative. (2) Quite safe and likely to improve. (3) The life of the mine is estimated at seven years.

R. F. (Brigg).—Leave severely alone. I have had several complaints about their methods of business.

E. M. (Diss).—Nos. 1, 3, and 7 are good investments; 2 should be sold, 4 might be averaged, and the others realised on the next bulge.

J. A. (Wrexham).—I think the exchange would prove to your advantage.

O. D. (Todmorden).—Thanks for forwarding documents; they shall receive attention.

H. G. (Tintagel).—I have been unable to trace the company you enquire about; there is certainly no market on the London Stock Exchange.

"READER" (Montrose).—Quite good for a long lock-up, but the chance of your getting a dividend for at least a couple of years is problematical.

I. B. (Herne Bay).—You might spread your investment over Nos. 3, 4, and 6; the remainder appear to me too speculative for your purpose.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

A.B.C. GUIDE TO STOCK EXCHANGE.

(42ND EDITION.)

Stock Exchange Operations thoroughly explained, also Call Options. How to open an account with limited risk. How to avoid Broker's Commissions. Contains Highest and Lowest Sales for last 15 years. Gratis from Publishers.

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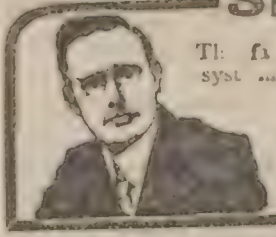
44, BANK STREET, MANCHESTER.

SHORTHAND.



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is often very hard to market. There are many men with a Special Knowledge or Aptitude which fits them to occupy Responsible Positions who somehow cannot get into touch with the opportunities they seek. We have large numbers of High Grade Positions open which call for, and pay for, Special Ability. If you think you can fill one of them—and your record is good—write us to-day or call.

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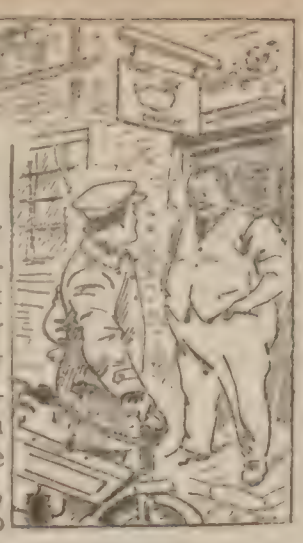
REMEMBER

That our Readers' Sale and Exchange is always at your service when you wish to dispose of clothes, sporting tackle, or anything else which has ceased to be useful to you.

Sporting Stories



WHY HE STOPPED.

Rosamunda was engaged to Freddy Force, the famous Rugger International forward, and from her seat in the stand she was breathlessly watching his great display for Whiteheath against Brosely. Rosamunda, by the way, was imbued with the Spirit of Romance in large quantities, and, needless to say, Freddy, tearing about the field, was to her nothing short of a Knight of Old.

At last "No Side" sounded, and Rosamunda waited excitedly for Freddy to come to her. But he didn't. The other players trooped off, but Freddy stayed on the field, prowling round the spot where there had been that last maul in goal. So Rosamunda made her way to him.

"My brave lover!" she breathed, "you are fighting your great battle o'er again!"

Freddy stared.

"Don't be a silly kid, Rosie," he said. "I'm looking for my right ear!"

"Who are you?" demanded the startled householder.

"Fine," replied the burglar, who happened to be Scotch. "Hoo's yersel'?"

A MISUNDERSTANDING.

The Rev. Ebenezer Grubb was spending a holiday at a winter seaside resort, and he had had considerable trouble to find a hotel that satisfied him as to its entire respectability. But at last he had chanced upon a temperance establishment which seemed more or less suitable, had engaged a room and repaired to bed.

In the morning he got up and went to the bathroom. Here, to his horror, he found his worst suspicions realised. The place was not respectable!

In answer to his howls, the manager rushed up, and was told that the reverend guest could stay not a minute longer. Timidly he asked the reason.

"You allow mixed bathing here!" thundered the irate man of religion. "Look at this!"

And he pointed to a card which read: "Visitors desiring baths will kindly arrange for same with the chambermaid."

"My son writes that he's stopping at the very best hotels."

"Yes, he's driving a parcels-delivery van."

HOT STUFF.

He entered the naturalist's shop with the harassed look in his eye which a man has who sees a certain amount of trouble in front of him; and, pulling himself together with an obvious effort, he began:

"I w-want to bub-bub-buy a p-parrot."

"Certainly, sir," said the shopman, and produced a selection of gaudy feathered bipeds for his inspection.

He looked at them in turn, criticising each shrewdly, and explained in each case how much less than the price demanded should be set on their heads. The shopman got rather nettled, and when the prospective buyer asked "C-can this p-parrot t-t-talk?" he answered to the effect that if the bird could not talk better than the other man he would willingly wring its neck. Whereupon the customer left in a huff.

In the gutter he espied a poor little dead sparrow, and he saw his chance of getting his own back. Picking it up gingerly (it was fairly elevated) by the claws he went back to the shop.

"L-look here," he said. "We had a row just now, but perhaps I was j-just a l-little to blame t-too. Say no more ab-bout it. Can you s-stuff birds?"

"Yes, indeed, sir," said the shopman. "I'm the best bird-stuffer in London."

"The b-best bird-st-stuffer in L-London, eh?" repeated the other; and then he held out the uninviting dicky-bird. "Well, then, you can st-stuff this down your bally throat!"

Then he made a dash for the door.

WASHING A DOG.

IT SHOULD NOT BE DONE TOO FREQUENTLY.

Most dogs suffer from too much washing. If a dog is kept properly groomed with comb, brush, and glove, he should not require more than half a dozen baths in the year. This may startle some readers who are accustomed to give their pet a weekly tub, but it is a fact.

If you are going to show a dog he should not be washed for several days before the exhibition, otherwise there will be no lustre on his coat, and lustre counts for a good deal. Washing removes the natural oil or lubricant from his coat, and it takes several days for it to recover.

A dog should be washed in sections. That is, soap one half of him first, and rinse the soap off before commencing on the other half.

Pay particular attention to the inside of the thighs and forearms, behind the ears, the back of the hind legs, and along the belly. A careless owner will leave his dog practically unwashed, though there has been a great expenditure of soap and water.

Let him shake himself when he comes out, and then give him a thorough good rubbing in a piece of stout packsheeting or an old blanket.

Most of the advertised dog soaps are excellent, but strong carbolic soap, while admirable for grown dogs, should not be used to puppies, as it may poison and even kill them by absorption through the skin.

"What's the matter old man, indigestion?"
"No, this beastly pipe is stopped up again."
"Throw it away and get an Unbay Pipe, your troubles will then be a thing of the past. The **Unbay** Pipe is the most satisfactory pipe the real smoker can have. It is constructed on simple, scientific and hygienic principles. It never gets stopped up and it is very easily cleaned. The draught is 50% easier than in any other pipe. It smokes as free as a cigarette, however badly the bowl is packed."

Prices in Best Briar Root,
2/6, 3/6, 5/-, & 7/6.

If your Tobacconist cannot supply you, write to:—

THE UNBAY PIPE MANUFACTURING CO.,
Commerce House, Clerkenwell Road, LONDON, E.C.

Keep your boys at home.

There is an additional attraction in your home for all as soon as you buy a Riley's Billiard Table. Whatever size your room there is a RILEY table to fit it. Riley's Miniature Table from **£3 7s. 6d.** The 6ft. 4in. size, **£5 5s.**, is suitable for most rooms. Riley's Combine Billiard and Dining Tables from **£13 10s.**

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E. J. RILEY, Ltd., BEECH MILLS, ACCRINGTON.
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TO·BRIGHTEN·FOOTBALL

SUGGESTIONS TO PREVENT DRAWN GAMES AND FOUL PLAY.

Professional football needs brightening up almost as much as did cricket.

Apart from Cup-ties and occasional League games to which some special interest attaches, football as played to-day is often dull and lifeless.

This is due partly to want of enterprise on the part of the players, who are generally content to follow stereotyped methods, and partly to other causes.

Among these is the fact that the public are more and more inclined to treat football as a spectacle or entertainment, and just as drawn matches threatened to kill county cricket, so is the prevalence of drawn games at football and the habit of many teams of being content to play for a draw likely to weaken public interest in the game.

PLAYING TO A FINISH.

So far as the final for the Cup is concerned, the public would certainly like to see it fought to a finish at the first time of asking. Discontent was rife at Sydenham last April when for the second year in succession the great match produced no conclusive result, and no attempt was made to arrive at one.

Probably the public would like to see extra time played in all games when drawn at ordinary time, but this would scarcely be practicable in mid-winter, owing to the shortness of the afternoons. Still we might have some system of points like the new method of scoring at cricket. Three points, for example, might be given for a win; in the event of a draw, two points to the team leading at half-time, and one point to the other side. If the scores are level at half-time, two points might be given to the scorers of the first goal; or, if no score at half-time, then two points for the first goal; and if the score sheet is blank at full-time, two points to the side taking the greater number of corner-kicks. This would tend to encourage frequent shooting.

FOUR QUARTERS.

Then why not divide the playing period into four quarters instead of two halves?

At present, the luck of the toss often practically decides a match; as, for example, when a team has to face a very strong wind, which leaves them exhausted by the end of the first half, when perhaps the wind has died down.

Early and late in the season a team often has to face a dazzling sun, which, more or less, paralyses them, but which has ceased to be troublesome when ends are changed.

You cannot eliminate luck from football or any other game, but at present winning the toss is often of more importance than it should be.

The player who plays unattractive football should be dealt with. In the Australian football game, which is a mixture of "rugger" and "soccer," the field umpire has power to penalise a player who, in his opinion, is guilty of deliberately sending the ball out of play, and if a side does so collectively and persistently, it is his duty to stop play and declare the match null and void.

KICKING OUT.

Every follower of football knows what a dreary farce a game becomes when one side, having gained the lead, or being content to play for a draw, resorts to kicking out at every possible opportunity.

We might well adopt the Australian rule, and also copy their law in regard to disputes with the umpire. In the Australian game a side disputing the umpire's decision is liable there and then to forfeit the match whatever the state of the scores. Here we have far too often the undignified spectacle of players mobbing the referee and arguing with him.

Our rules in regard to wilfully foul play require drastic revision.

A player guilty of deliberately brutal or dangerous play should receive one warning only. For a second offence the referee should be *compelled* to send him off the field, as is done at "rugger." In the case of intentional fouls, not necessarily of a brutal nature, but designed to save a morally certain score, we should adopt the "rugger" rule which gives the referee power to award a try if, in his opinion, it would have been scored but for unfair tactics on the part of the opposition.

If the referee is uncertain that a goal would have been scored but thinks the offence merits a penalty kick, the kick should be taken at an open goal.

Further penalty kicks should be awarded for deliberate foul play in any part of the field, the side offended against having a shot at an open goal from the place of the infringement. At present a man is often fouled just outside the penalty area, and the resultant free kick benefits his side nothing.

KEEPING ROWDY SPECTATORS IN ORDER.

The foul-mouthed, referee-baiting spectator should be dealt with for the intolerable nuisance that he is.

If a club cannot efficiently patrol its ground, it should be suspended, the F.A. or League authorities appointing inspectors to attend matches and to report on the behaviour of the spectators.

Will any reasonable person deny that if these suggestions, particularly those in regard to "kicking out" and foul play were carried out, football would not be a much brighter game than it is as now played?

A. T. GARDINER

THE UNBAY PIPE.

There are many kinds of patent pipes on the market, but most of them are too expensive and too complicated to appeal to smokers.

A new pipe has been produced which has neither of these faults. It is called the Unbay pipe, and is of as simple construction as the ordinary briar.

The clever way in which the bore is cut, however, insures immunity from clogging, and secures a free draught, which makes pipe-smoking a pleasure. It is certain that the Unbay pipe will be extremely popular.

FOOTBALL.

WHITE, FISHER & CO.,

THE WORLD'S PREMIER FOOTBALL ACCOUNTANTS,

BASLE, SWITZERLAND,

Beg to announce that the ENORMOUS ODDS of

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HAVE BEEN LAID AND PAID on October 7.

ONE HUNDRED POUNDS TO ONE SHILLING,

This fortunate client, Mr. Albert Hobden, 8, Guildford Street, Brighton, having predicted four scores successfully.

£1,000 will be paid to any Charity if not **GENUINE.**

Full particulars will be sent on receipt of a postcard.

If you mention this paper, we will also send you a sample packet **FREE OF COST** of our famous Football Whiff Cigarettes.

Letters should not bear postmark later than 2 p.m. on Saturday.

Every Match to choose from in the 4 Leagues except Scottish Queen's Park.

Lotinga's Weekly, on October 14th, says:—"White, Fisher, and Co., the world's premier Football Accountants, are undoubtedly one of the most up-to-date firms of modern times."

The Editor of the *Racing Judge*, October 7th, says: "A friend tells us that one of the sights of Basle, Switzerland, is the arrival of White, Fisher & Co.'s mail every Sunday. This well-known firm of Football Accountants has been established for fifteen years, and the magnitude of their business speaks well for their methods."

THE SPORTING TIMES

Otherwise known as "The Pink 'Un."

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Is Recognised as the Leading Authority on Racing and Sport.

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THE OUTER MAN

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

HUNTING STOCKS IN TOWN.

In the country that comfortable form of neck-tie known as a hunting stock is as popular as ever, and one frequently sees it in town also. It has this advantage over the flannel collar, namely, that it looks rather smarter.

Hunting stocks are, however, to be worn with due caution. They always have a certain amount of horsey appearance, but there is a distinct difference between looking horsey and looking like a stableman or a bookmaker.

I recently met a hunting friend of mine whose knowledge of field sports is much greater than his knowledge of matters of dress. It was in Piccadilly, and he was wearing a white hunting stock and the loudest hunting vest imaginable—bright yellow with pronounced black lines forming a check upon it.

Had he been wearing the same white hunting stock with an ordinary lounge suit, he would have looked all right, but the addition of the brilliant vest supplied too much colour.

WARM FEET.

Here is a tip which was given to me by a farmer with whom I was staying.

He had a great deal of driving to do, and therefore had every opportunity of suffering from cold feet, for while driving one is not taking sufficient exercise to make the blood circulate properly in the cold weather.

This is how he kept himself comfortable. He had cured a pair of rabbit skins by rubbing them well with alum, and had then cut them out to the size of his feet. He wore one inside each boot, with the furry side uppermost, and the tip is one well worth passing on to those who suffer from cold extremities.

THE BOWLER RING.

At the back of the bowlers worn by some men you will find a little black metal ring just underneath the brim. The faces beneath such hats are usually weather-beaten, and the eyes are clear, for these are outdoor men. Sometimes rude little City boys of an inquiring turn of mind ask one another, in the wearer's hearing, what the ring is for, and suggest that perhaps it is used for hanging the hat up by.

The rude comments of little boys do not matter, however, for the ring at the back of the bowler is a very useful thing if one wears it much in windy weather or during such pastimes as riding, when the hat is liable to be blown off.

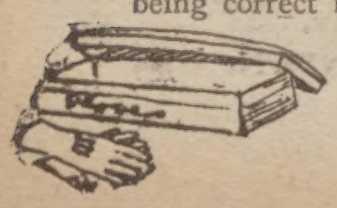
A black silk hat guard takes up no room in the pocket, it can be clipped in a moment to the lapel of the jacket and to the ring on the bowler, and there is no danger then of your hat flying away.

The ring, in the opinion of many, adds a finish to the hat, by giving it just that little sporting touch which marks its wearer as an outdoor man.

LEGGING MISTAKES.

I knew it would come; one finds it every winter season sooner or later. I mean the man who wears his leggings on the wrong legs. It is all so simple to the man of horses, that you wonder how anyone could make a mistake, for it seems only common sense that the buckles should go on the outside of the leg, so as to avoid friction with the saddle; but that fact never appears to strike some people, and the man of whom I speak was walking placidly along with a pair of brown puttee leggings worn round ordinary trousers, and with the buckles on the inside in each case.

Artists very frequently make mistakes in drawing the straps of puttees, as you may prove by glancing through almost any tailor's catalogue, but artists are, perhaps, above being correct in the details of sporting dress.



With buttoned leggings, as also with those of the spring fastening type, the

A RARE COMBINATION

The finest Scotch and English materials, the most expert London cutters and tailors, and the best Bond Street styles. That is the great combination of goods, brains, skill and art that makes McKinley Tailoring supreme. Buy your Winter Overcoat or Suit from us and you will discover what clothes comfort really means. Also you will save money, for our prices compare most favourably with those of other firms.

OVERCOATS (to measure) - 25/- to 45/-
SUITS (to measure) - - 30/- to 50/-
BREECHES - - - 10/6 to 25/-

Carriage Paid. No Extras.

We return your money in full if you are not completely satisfied.

WRITE TO-DAY for our "Booklet MM." and our splendid range of Autumn and Winter Samples. They will be sent to you free together with copies of unsolicited testimonials from all parts of the world, Fashion Plates, Tape Measure, and the McKinley scientific Self-Measurement Chart which enables anyone to take measures as accurately as an experienced tailor.

We guarantee perfection of Fit, Style, & Workmanship.

Write or call—

C. & G. McKINLEY, Tailoring Specialists,
Tailoring Dept., 7, GRESHAM STREET, LONDON, E.C.

THE CLOTHES HOSPITAL

is the **NATIONAL TAILORING AND REPAIRING CO.**, they have been established since 1900, and are the largest and leading REPAIRING TAILORS in the United Kingdom.

3/6 buys a NEW LIFE For that old SUIT or OVERCOAT 3/6

If your suit or overcoat is wrinkled or shabby from wear, send it to us with a Postal Order for 3s. 6d.
It will be CLEANED, REPAIRED, and TAILOR-PRESSED by our wonderful new process, and you will receive it within three days, looking like a brand new suit or overcoat.
Our work is not a dry-cleaning process. It is exclusively a tailoring service carried out by expert tailors.
You must see an old suit or overcoat after being treated by our unique method, the result will surprise you. We have no need to publish testimonials, although we are able to show you many hundreds.
Send us a trial order and let us convince you what we can do. Pack up your clothes, and in three days you will be glad that you have acted on our advice.
Carriage paid one way. Repairs and Alterations of every description.

The National Tailoring and Repairing Co.
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Telephone—North 260 (2 lines). Established 1900.

ELLIS—Artist in CLOTHES.

Twenty years of experience in fitting the most particular men; the most scrupulous care in studying the individual requirements of our customers; the very highest quality of materials—these are the factors that make our garments so distinctive in cut and style.

Our speciality is our

50/- OVERCOAT.

This garment we make in a wide range of materials, patterns of which will be sent if you cannot call. We guarantee a perfect fit, and return your money if you are not entirely satisfied.

J. & H. ELLIS, 20 & 21, Farringdon St., London, E.C.
(Near Ludgate Circus.)

When answering Advertisements, please mention "The Modern Man."

side that goes uppermost must be the part that comes from the inside of the calf, that is to say, the part containing the buttonholes or the long steel spring.

I may mention that, in the case of the buttoned variety, horsey men have recently devised a method of fastening that slightly differentiates them from those unaccustomed to the saddle.

Instead of having the buttons running up the outer side of the shin bone, they have them just on the inner side.

I do not mean to say that they have the buttons sewn in a different place from the usual; I am referring to the way in which they put their leggings on.

If you feel your shin bone you will discover that it points towards the front and has a sharp edge. The buttons come close to this edge, but just on the inner side of it. They do not catch upon the stirrup leathers when riding, and this style of fixing looks rather smart.

TACKING TURN-UPS.

Permanent turn-ups at the bottom of the trousers are still as fashionable as ever with lounge suits, and are likely to remain so.

I have been asked occasionally by correspondents whether they should have the trousers of their morning-coat suits or evening dress suits made with turn-ups, and the answer is, of course, in the negative, this ornamentation being bestowed upon lounge suits only.

When you have had a suit for a while, the threads which tack the turn-ups at each side of the legs of the trousers are liable to come away, especially when you brush out the dust which has accumulated in the turn-ups, as, being a cleanly person, you do periodically.

If the threads of which I speak should break, they should be renewed at once, for turn-ups that are not tacked close to the trousers stick out and look untidy.

BLACKING.

In spite of the many kinds of boot polish that have recently been put upon the market, there is still a sale for the old-fashioned blacking. This is because blacking has its place just as polishes have.

I recently had a letter from a Territorial reader, informing me that he could not get a polish on his Wellingtons, and asking the reason. He mentioned that he used a polish, and that explained his lack of success.

Wellingtons, except those of the dress variety, are not made of box-calf or any other leather for which polish would be suitable, but are cut from ordinary blacking leather, and it is only ordinary blacking that will produce a polish on them. When this has once been secured, any polish can be applied to them, but you have to use blacking to get a shine in the first instance.

Polishes are suitable only for box-calf, glacé kid, and other leathers that have had a surface given to them in the process of manufacture. They are not suitable for producing a polish on ordinary blacking leather.

SLIPPERS.

This is the season when the fireside has an attraction for even the most enthusiastic outdoor man, and especially when he comes in tired from a long walk. It is good to take off his heavy boots and thrust his feet into slippers, and stretch himself at full length in an easy-chair.

Slippers for a purpose like this are different from those which one wears in company. It might be said that slippers are such a negligé form of foot-gear that there cannot be any right or wrong about them, but there are many occasions when one is living at other people's houses when the slippers will not, strictly speaking, be correct but when they will be entirely condoned, and will become for a certain period of the day the approved covering for the feet of the men in the house.

Under circumstances like these, one likes one's slippers to be presentable; an old pair of dancing pumps answer the purpose perfectly. At home, however, a more comfortable pair of slippers is advisable. Dancing pumps are rather too pointed in the toe for absolute comfort, and the patent leather of which they are made is not the ideal for tired feet.

As good a slipper as any for home wear is made of brown glacé kid, with broad toes and hardly any heels.

YOUR favourite clothes will live to a ripe old age

if you will read what I have to say and act on my advice.

Every man has his favourite suit or overcoat.

Some garments win their way into a man's affections, and he will wear them until they are long past the respectable stage.

Why not let me prolong the life of your favourite suit or overcoat by putting the bloom of youth upon it now and then?

It will cost you only 3/9 to have it cleaned, repaired, tailor-pressed and re-shaped by my process.

If you are not satisfied with the result of my work, you may have your money returned in full when you say the word.

It is a pity to put aside a comfortable, well-fitting garment which pleases you, when you can have it made smart and new-looking for 3/9.

Why not give me a trial? You run no risk. I pay carriage one way.

The Manager,
The British Tailoring and Repairing Co.,
34, 36, 38, & 40, GT. COLLEGE STREET, LONDON, N.W.
Telephone: North 2882 (2 lines).

CORRECT :: EVENING DRESS

There is no dress in which a man looks better than a Dress Suit, but the Dress Suit must be cut and made by experts, and be correct in every detail. We are specialists in this department, and our Dress Suits are being worn by some of the best-dressed men in England and the Colonies.

Our Dress Suits are fully equal to those for which many tailors charge 5 to 7 guineas, but **our price for**

HIGH-CLASS DRESS SUIT, SILK FACED, is 3 gns.

Write for our Free Patterns and New Fashion Plates. We guarantee to fit you perfectly or refund your money in full.

C. & G. McKINLEY, Tailoring Specialists,
Tailoring Dept., 7, GRESHAM STREET, LONDON, E.C.

NO MORE BAGGY KNEES.

Price **5/9** Carriage paid.

Removes all bagginess. Gives an elegant crease. **Save you 50%.** Trouser Pressers and Stretchers, in handsome **Polished Oak, Plated Fittings.** Powerful steel crossbars. Full length. Take 4 pairs. **GUARANTEED 5 YEARS.** 7 days' approval. Money returned if not satisfied. *Send for Illustrated List Free*

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TO HAVE A PERFECT VENTILATED CAP IS TO PREVENT EARLY LOSS OF HAIR.

THE LADDIZ CAP

is the only Cap with a perfect device for ventilation. It has a patent Spring Cushion fitted between the Sweat Band and the Peak which ensures a perfect fit and ventilation, relieves all pressure on the head, makes the Cap fit firmly, preventing its blowing off. High-class finish, best materials and workmanship, in the latest shapes and colours.

Prices—2/6, 3/6, 4/6 (post free). *Send size and colour, enclosing P.O.*

J. HOLDEN & CO., 32, Finsbury Square, London E.C.

Magnificent New Competition
FOR "MODERN MAN" READERS.

EVERYONE WHO COMPLETES WILL RECEIVE A SPLENDID PRIZE.

Prizes Ranging from £10 to £1 10s. in Cash.

A Pair of Sandow's Spring-Grip Dumb-Bells Free.

For Seven Days' Trial.

To secure a pair of Sandow's Famous Spring-Grip Dumb-Bells for seven days' free home trial, and full particulars of the most wonderful competition ever announced, which is open to every MODERN MAN reader to enter without entrance fee, and in which every boy, youth, man, girl, and woman who completes will receive a Prize, as announced above, it is only necessary to fill in and forward the coupon below as directed.

With every pair of Dumb-Bells is also sent Two Charts of Exercises, one showing in detail the way to perform each of the original exercises of the Sandow System, the other showing how many times each exercise should be done daily by the average man or youth, woman or girl, together with hints on how, when, and where to exercise, how to take a cold bath, and other useful information, by following which every reader can not only prove his or her strength and general physique, but likewise safeguard and improve the health.

These Charts have been carefully prepared by Mr. Sandow for presentation and use with every pair of Dumb-Bells.

If, after using these Dumb-Bells for Seven Days free, you decide to keep them, send us a deposit of 2s. 6d., and promise to pay the remainder of the price at the rate of 2s. 6d. per month, which only means the small sum of One Penny per Day.

Sandow's Grip Dumb-Bells are now acknowledged to be the most perfect physical Appliance ever invented, and hundreds of thousands of pairs are in daily use in every country on the face of the earth. They are equally suitable for the delicate and strong; their resistance can be adjusted to the strength of the weakest, and increased as occasion arises. They are a complete Physical Culture Outfit for use in the home by any person at any age.

Simple Conditions of Remarkable Competition Now Available.

The user of Sandow's Grip Dumb-Bells quickly becomes as "fit as a fiddle" and as "strong as a lion," graceful in proportions, and dignified in carriage. You can put three inches on your chest measurement, and increase all your other muscles in proportion by using the Grip Dumb-Bells a few minutes a day for three months.

There is nothing to pay to secure the Dumb-Bells; there is no entrance fee to the competition in which everyone is able to secure a prize.

Don't delay; fill in the form below and forward at once.

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Date.....1911.

Gentlemen,—Please send me one pair* of your Gentlemen's Spring-Grip Dumb-Bells at ... ... **12s. 6d.**
Suitable for age 18 and upwards.

Youths' Spring-Grip Dumb-Bells at ... **10s. 6d.**
Suitable for age 14 to 18.

Ladies' Spring-Grip Dumb-Bells at ... ... **10s. 6d.**
Suitable for age 16 and upwards.

This order is given on condition that, after Seven Days *Free Trial*, should I decide not to keep the Dumb-Bells, I may return them immediately direct to Sandow Hall, and no charge whatsoever will be made.

FREE TRIAL.

Signed.....

Address.....

.....

*Please Cross out Sizes not required.

Printed by THE VICTORIA HOUSE PRINTING CO., LTD., Tudor Street, Whitefriars, London, E.C., and Published for the Proprietors, THE MODERN MAN, LTD., by THE UNITED PRESS, LTD., 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C. Annual Subscription 8s. 8d., to be sent to THE MODERN MAN Subscription Department, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C. *Sole Agents for Colonies:* GORDON & GOTCH, London, etc. *South Africa:* The Central News Agency, Capetown, etc.